

A REVIEW OF LITERATURE AND ART

# *Horizon*

EDITED BY CYRIL CONNOLLY

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BY WILLIAM CASKEY

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DAVID GASCOYNE

## A VAGRANT

*'Mais il n'a point parlé, mais cette année encore  
Heure par heure en vain lentement tombera.'*

ALFRED DE VIGNY

'They're much the same in most ways, these great cities. Of them all,

Speaking of those I've seen, this one's still far the best  
Big densely built-up area for a man to wander in  
Should he have ceased to find shelter, relief,  
Or dream in sanatorium bed; should nothing as yet call  
Decisively to him to put an end to brain's  
Proliferations round the possibilities that eat  
Up adolescence, even years up to the late  
Thirtieth birthday; should no-one seem to wait  
His coming, to pop out at last and bark  
Briskly: "A most convenient solution has at last  
Been found, after the unavoidable delay due to this spate of wars  
That we've been having lately. This is it:  
Just fill in (in block letters) on the dotted-line your name  
And number. From now on until you die all is  
O.K., meaning the clockwork's been adjusted to accommodate  
You nicely; all you need's to eat and sleep,  
To sleep and eat and eat and laugh and sleep,  
And sleep and laugh and wake up every day  
Fresh as a raffia daisy!" I already wake each day  
Without a bump or too much morning sickness to routine  
Which although without order wears the will out just as well  
As this job-barker's programme would. His line may in the end  
Provide me with a noose with which to hang myself, should I  
Discover that the strain of doing nothing is too great  
A price to pay for spiritual integrity. The soul  
Is said by some to be a bourgeois luxury, which shows  
A strange misunderstanding both of soul and bourgeoisie.  
The Sermon on the Mount is just as often misconstrued  
By Marxists as by wealthy congregations, it would seem.  
The "Modern Man in Search of Soul" appears  
A comic criminal or an unbalanced bore to those



Whose fear of doing something foolish fools them. *Je m'en fous!*  
 Blessèd are they, it might be said, who are not of this race  
 Of settled average citizens secure in their *état*  
 Civil of snowy guiltlessness and showy high ideals  
 Permitting them achieve an inexpensive lifelong peace  
 Of mind, through dogged persistence, frequent aspirin, and bile  
 Occasionally vented via trivial slander . . . Baa,  
 Baa, O sleepysickness-rotted sheep, in your nice fold  
 Are none but marketable fleeces. I my lot  
 Prefer to cast at once away right in  
 Among the stone-winning lone wolves whose future cells  
 Shall make home-founding unorthwhile. Unblessèd let me go  
 And join the honest tribe of patient prisoners and ex-  
 Convicts, and all such victims of the guilt  
 Society dare not admit its own. I would not strike  
 The pose of one however who might in a chic ballet  
 Perform an apache role in rags of cleverly-cut silk.  
 Awkward enough, awake, yet although anxious still just sane,  
 I stand still in my quasi-dereliction, or but stray  
 Slowly along the quais towards the ends of afternoons  
 That lead to evenings empty of engagements, or at night  
 Lying resigned in cosy-corner crow's-nest, listen long  
 To sounds of the surrounding city desultorily  
 Seeking in loud distraction some relief from what its nerves  
 Are gnawed by: I mean knowledge of its lack of *raison d'être*.  
 The city's lack and mine are much the same. What, oh what can  
 A vagrant hope to find to take the place of what was once  
 Our expectation of the Human City, in which each man might  
 Morning and evening, every day, lead his own life, and Man's?  
Spring 1948

## OUR SUMMER COMPETITION

THE date by which entries must be received in this  
 office has been extended to 1st October. Several interest-  
 ing additions have been made to the prize-money.

*Full details were published in No. 102.*

DIANA WITHERBY .

## THE GREAT INDUSTRIALIST

Autumn pours its misty gulls  
Down the sunny steps,  
He sees them glide from diamond miles  
And disappear through columns into shade.  
Turning towards his car,  
The handle of the door is cold,  
But a rug is waiting, like a mother  
On the seat, pigskin folds  
The wallet by his heart,  
And guards his case of papers.

Winter whites the slates with ice,  
And, hurrying to his heated home,  
Headlights are lenses which resolving  
Dozens of poverty basements  
Into a single still,

(A woman near a dark green wall  
Is shrouding her canary's cage).

This is the season he is king!  
Free to stand on riches' carpet,  
Stroking his watch—for time is money—  
And seeing with a small boy's vision,  
That old man, his father,  
Lying in the snow and dying  
Thirsty, like a desperate bird,  
With all the water frozen.  
But victory dies, the battle lives,  
He loved his enemy too much,  
And when the clover wind revives  
His dream melts on the branch.

In the May blue midnight  
The sky is clear, the earth has clouds  
Of trees, occasionally showering  
Their raining rustle to the grass.  
In his field of paper pounds  
He, like a scarecrow, cannot move,  
While others rush in golden travel  
To their lakes of love.  
He is left, an outstripped child,  
Hunting the fox of fantasy—  
Too perfect on its slanting hill,  
And, when it runs, too savage and too wild.

*ALISTAIR COOKE*

## PSYCHIATRY IN THE UNITED STATES

THIS article is about treatment, or (as the Americans prefer to say) therapy; it is not about the vast and menacing philosophical system that Freud lived, painfully, to see constructed from his elaborate clinical commentaries and from his researches into primitive societies. This pseudo-system was lovingly created by non-medical enthusiasts in what they took to be the service of a moral pioneer. It was readily accepted by Freud's professional enemies as a doctrine at issue. It was organized, by its disciples no less than its enemies, into an attack on the social and moral values of Western society. Although the blitzkrieg is long spent, our churches still set off answering volleys, as our popular fiction and movies twitch with the reflexes it conditioned. And the English vocabulary is harried still by misunderstood deserters from the



Freudian legions, by Complex and Fixation, Libido and Repression, Psychosis,<sup>1</sup> Projection, and the rest. It is unlikely now that the patient labours of a Karl Menninger<sup>2</sup> will repatriate them.

There is, surely, no need to go into the early campaigns in Vienna, Bloomsbury, and Greenwich Village, or into the misfortune that befell analysis during the twenties when it found itself stigmatized as a fad. Whatever mass or charge there was in these assaults, or even in the subsequent mopping-up operations in Hollywood, has been recorded once for all by Dr. Frederick Hoffmann, whose *Freudianism and the Literary Mind*<sup>3</sup> details everything from the protests of D. H. Lawrence to the protestations of 'the flapper', from the Catholic fear that the confessional had been appropriated to the fear that Hitler had misappropriated Freud's 'irrational sources of behaviour' (which he undoubtedly did), from the doubts of Kafka about salvation by analysis to the suspicions of the New York State Legislature (as late as 1931) about the respectability of analysts.

The misgivings of the Soviet Government are more interesting. It is hard to find out whether the Russians, who thirteen years ago banned the practice of analysis as a 'bourgeois diversionary activity' (presumably punishable by the stern laws of their federal 'diversionary' code), are the victims of this vulgar simplification or whether they truly understood the profundity of the Freudian challenge and expediently repulsed it.

To construct from Freud's writings a system of philosophy is a legitimate hobby of intellectuals, even if it is often a preoccupation of neurotics eager to allay their own anxiety by a familiar acquaintance with its master, as struggling actors affect the manners of successful stars. But the material that can thus be transmuted is not the part of Freud that has lasted as hardy clinical seed. And it is quite alien to the function that Freud himself tried to perform, namely to cure or ease unhappiness, that is the sickness of the soul, by a therapeutic method which it happens is as far removed as possible from the consolations of philosophy. Indeed, it was partly his observation of how unavailing were the attempts of men to live by what they maintained as their philosophies—the persistence

<sup>1</sup>The latest manhandling of which is Mr. Vyshinsky's popularization of the grotesque phrase, 'war psychosis'.

<sup>2</sup>'Pseudoanalysis: Perils of Freudian Verbalisms,' in *Outlook*, CLV (1930).

<sup>3</sup>Louisiana State University Press, Baton Rouge, Louisiana.

of crippling hates and loyalties, of disproportionate anger, illogicality, and anxiety—that forced him into his tremendous hypothesis of the Unconscious. At the risk of teasing the reader, the point needs to be sharpened if the achievements of American psychiatry are to be fairly understood. We are not, then, surveying a psychological system that the Third Programme would have to know about, or a debatable and fashionable philosophy. We are reporting on the medical means used in the United States of treating the emotionally afflicted, through all the degrees of their social tolerance, from the care of ‘the pauper insane’ to the luxurious proposition of a New York psycho-analysis.

‘To make the patient able to bear the unhappiness that is common to man.’ This is the famous, and greatly misunderstood, Freudian prescription, and it is still the more or less active aim of psycho-analysts, State hospitals, short-term therapists, hypnotists, and rural clinics. The stress should fall on the verb ‘to make able’, for whereas intellectuals fall to debating that sentence in terms of the human situation, the American psychiatrist at any rate is constantly debating the means of cure, the enabling method. Of course, the philosophical field may still be a useful battleground. But it may be worth retreating into my duty as a reporter at this point and remarking that American psychiatrists frequently say that philosophers cannot accept analysis because it is too much of a threat to their life’s work; that to accept the unconscious is to throw overboard centuries of constructed philosophies; that clinical experience questions the ideal of the educated man in favour of the happy man whose education may become a free exploration, rather than the first line of defence of those who are intellectual because they have to be, in self-protection against the ordinary pleasures and skills of the multitude. ‘The intellect’, said Freud, and he was talking about its power to ascribe motive, ‘is the great opportunist.’ Those who are themselves devoted to it, and who have endured analysis, have better reasons than most to know the nagging truth of this axiom. For the intellect will always find shrewd reasons to explain an emotion, or dignify a reaction, that on more galling examination turns into emotional spite, simplified from its compulsive origins in the unconscious into a judgement or a predilection which, on its upward flight into the conscious mind, can achieve great protective delicacy and force. Here it may be said as well as anywhere, for it is often

news even to the sophisticated, that the unconscious is not the disagreeable part of the conscious. It is literally unknown to its owner and undiscoverable by ordinary conscious methods of inquiry. What the neurotic needs for his co-operation in psychiatric treatment is primarily neither intellect nor education. Intelligence is much help, some initial insight is necessary, the wish to understand oneself and face the consequences is essential. A knowledge of psychiatry, or much reading in psycho-analytic literature, is quite profitless, and may even delay the essential work of the treatment, since reliance on this knowledge is among intellectuals a favourite exploitable form of resistance. The intellectual in analysis, for instance, has usually to learn to shed a favourite conceit: that neurosis is a precious, and fertile, monopoly of the greatly endowed. Alas, the past thirty years of American analytic practice have demonstrated beyond all vanity that neurotics are of all sorts, and that the same neuroses occur in the illiterate as in the scholar, in the urban rich and the rural poor, in the failing and the successful, the talented and the dull.

These are among the clinical conclusions of American psychiatry, which is especially rich in clinical literature. They help to explain why psycho-therapy in the United States is, often to the despair of the European sociologist and lay analyst, so continuously concerned with helping people accept the society they live in, provided only that it allows them the free, disciplined expression of their capacities. It can be said that this is, these days, a crucial proviso; that it has been no more than the lucky abundance of American natural resources that has let Americans take it for granted; that it is a characteristic of American society to distrust any *élite*, political, social or intellectual, that might seem to discredit the pleasures of the majority. But there is much mischievous, and even wilful, misunderstanding of what is meant by 'social adjustment'. It has been taken to mean that a man who acquiesces in a tyranny is a healthy man, that the only 'well-adjusted' citizen is the abject one. The analysts, especially, are blamed for tacitly encouraging patients to accept any degradation of bourgeois society they find themselves in. This inference can be drawn only from a false assumption about the analyst's aim. He is a man who respects the uniqueness of every human being. But he is also a detective alert to the unconscious means by which people will assert a quite unreal uniqueness. He is anxious only to

help the patient towards self-knowledge and leave him to do with it what he chooses. He does not begin with *a priori* notions about the sickness of the time or place. He sees that in human society man must live with his kind. He does know, however, from the work of people like Kardiner, Linton, Bateson and Mead, that it is dangerous to assume a universal personality structure and that the differences between cultures, even variations within a culture, must be recognized and accepted. The West Indies Negro, for instance, who settles in the United States finds that his code of public behaviour, family decorum, and the like, is far more rigid than that of the U.S. Negro; and he or his children often suffer from some of the troubles that afflict an Englishman who tries to come to liveable terms with American society; moreover, the West Indies Negroes suffer them in a form so intense as to be recognized as a distinct neurosis.

The analyst may hew so scrupulously to his scientific method that he may refuse to presume the universality of the Oedipus complex, or castration fears, or penis envy, even though he observes the presence of one or the other in every patient he treats. But by this time an experienced analyst is only mildly amazed to see how twentieth-century natives of Manchester or Los Angeles dream dreams whose symbolism is that of Greek or Egyptian mythology, or that acted out in the marriage rituals of some remote Pacific tribe. It is the clinical confirmation of these early conceptions, in the treatment of people who have never heard of them, that has fortified the historic method of Freud. Yet because that method was worked out in the Victorian era and is being vindicated in a revolutionary time, it is an easy slip to go on to deduce that it is suited only to the bourgeois society that provided the first raw material. One might as well say that uranium found in Utah is fit only for a Mormon war. If the analyst is skilled enough to chart the movement of these unacknowledged depths in human beings, it is obvious that he also has an opportunity, unrivalled by the politician, of watching the personal wear and tear of the cultural conflicts that are most pressing in our society. In the United States, certainly, the analyst is given hourly proof that a contemporary conflict most men must face and solve for themselves is that between individualism and social security, since the security the pioneer could help himself to is now at the disposal of mammoth corporations and the

trade unions. Many patients may be untouched by this conflict, and there is no theoretical compulsion for the analyst to bring it in. But if the search for political conviction *is* among the patient's troubles, the good psycho-therapist has an unmatched skill to help the patient distinguish between what is true and false for him. Not the least helpful to our time of Freud's discoveries is the profound one that in the unconscious opposites are the same. This frequently reveals the identical neurosis (having to do with father-deprivation, or father-tyranny) in patients who imagine themselves to be the poles apart: namely, in the uncompromising leftist, and the arch-reactionary. Until the political theorists produce an observation as searching, analysts are the last people likely to be put out by the intellectual criticism that they are the interested defenders of the bourgeoisie or 'the middle way'.

\* \* \*

With this very necessary preamble to intellectuals out of the way, we can say what this essay is properly about. 'Psychiatry in America' can mean anything and everything to the sceptical European. The word has still the attractions of voodoo to many people who look around for help. And an alarming book<sup>1</sup> has been made out of the preference of most people for horoscope readers, palmists, numerologists, pseudo-religious uplifters, Buchmanites, newspaper columns for the lovelorn, and all the squatting herds of dogmatic 'psychologists' who fatten very profitably beyond the fence of reputable psychiatry (and who often do such irritating good).

The serious history of psychiatry in the United States arises from two sources: from the revolutionary attempts of Dr. Benjamin Rush, a co-signer by the way of the Declaration of Independence, in the late eighteenth century to substitute sympathetic treatment of the insane for their prison care (the same crusade was undertaken as a humanitarian reform by one Dorothea Dix); and from the proselytizing of Freudian analysis, a century later, by the immigrant Brill and the American Putnam. These two sources do not flow together or mark an alternative approach. They span, in fact, the gamut of what may properly be called psychiatry: at one end, the State's responsibility for the

<sup>1</sup> *Where Do People Take Their Troubles?* by Lee Steiner (Houghton Mifflin Co., Boston).

outcast lunatic; at the other, the private treatment of the tolerated neurotic. Between these extremes, and embracing them, lies the whole practice of American psychiatry, so varied in its clinical routine that to describe a doctor as a psychiatrist tells almost nothing about him. (The term 'psychologist', so puzzling in some contexts to American readers of British magazines and abstracts, is usually restricted in the United States to the work of academic or clinical psychologists and is rarely applied to psycho-therapists.)

It would be nice to begin humbly by saying that the denominator common to psychiatrists is a medical degree. But this is not strictly true. Anybody can privately practise what he cares to call psychiatry. And the forty-eight States license physicians, not medical specialists. But to work in any mental hospital or accredited institution, a physician would in time have to take the examination of the American Board of Neurology and Psychiatry as an essential investment in prestige. This Board is an examining board made up of delegates from three national associations: the American Psychiatric Association, the American Neurological Association, and the Section for Nervous and Mental Diseases of the American Medical Association. Its examination can be taken only by doctors who have had five years' experience of psychiatry. And for most responsible jobs, its certificate is required.

There is then no special education that is compulsory for a psychiatrist. But the least that leading psychiatrists expect of him is a medical degree, which in the American medical schools requires a four years' course; and three years of general psychiatry, including a minimum of one year's full-time hospital work with psychotics. After that, he may choose to work wholly in a hospital or clinic. He may set up a private consulting practice. Or he may combine both. Some few may choose to become analysts, and we shall discuss them separately.

The status of neurology in this training is a persistent phenomenon and is worth explaining. Until the 1870s, psychiatry in the United States meant, as it did in every other country, exclusively institutional psychiatry. To us it now appears of a very rude kind, for it was absorbed with problems of architecture, overcrowding, ventilation, feeding, and experiments in effective forms of restraint. 'Psychiatrists' could be much more confidently defined then than now, for they were medical wardens, jealous of their speciality as experts in the housing and quieting of the



insane. Psychiatry was prised out from behind the prison walls by the lever of neurology, a young science forced into startling growth by the Civil War and the observed effect of gunshot wounds on the nervous system. The name of S. Weir Mitchell is inevitable here, for he was the head of the first hospital (in Philadelphia in 1863) to treat soldiers suffering from nervous disorders. The clinical experience of a major war, coming in the middle of a century of peace for the countries whose medicine was pre-eminent, was incomparable; and in the seventies, the American Neurological Association was founded. The psychiatrists, long and complacently entrenched in their own Association of Medical Superintendents, recognized an invasion when they saw one, an invasion, so they judged, of upstarts. The neurologists were only too eager to invade a field which their new knowledge shocked them into seeing as an ignorant imprisonment of the sick. Because it was a legal imprisonment, the neurologists' first tactic was to demand test cases of mistreatment. The neurologists won, and the rapid advances in their science gave them a triumphant medical status which was just as rudely challenged by the psychiatric practice of Freud. At this point, and for several decades thereafter, the struggle between the neurologists (trying to define the legitimate aetiology of mental disease) and the Freudian psychiatrists (determined to find its psychological causes) was a conflict common to Europe and America. The neurologists rightly maintained that they deserved the credit for making psychiatry medically respectable, for the proof that general paralysis originated in syphilis was a neurological discovery. When Noguchi and Moore found a specific micro-organism in the brain of a general paretic, it was natural that neurologists everywhere should whoop it up in the expectation of working out a complete—that is, a medical—aetiology for mental disease. They hoped in time to be able to ascribe the origin of the psychoses to the holy trinity of aetiology: infection, chemical poisoning, local injury. But by then Freud had blandly spurned the very systematization they saw ahead of them. It is hard now to appreciate how perverse and arrogant he must have seemed. Just when so many ancient puzzles were being solved under the microscope, he started talking about mental disease as a sickness of 'the total personality' and asked about the origin of emotional disturbances which did no damage to the central nervous system and which were caused

by no organism, however microscopic. At the moment that the psychiatrist had appeared blushing in a white coat, as a newly graduated laboratory worker, soon to call himself a neuro-psychiatrist, Freud belittled his prestige and claimed originality for inquiries that appeared to be based on nothing more scientific than the 'humours', the 'temperaments', the emotional attributions of the Middle Ages. The professional fury directed against him was all the more impatient because he was more of a relapsed heretic than a heathen. He first became eminent as a neurologist and, despite his subsequent excommunications, some of his early papers remain to this day among the classic descriptions of disease.

In the United States, the war turned into one between the neurologists and the pioneer psychiatrists, wearing the analytic colours of Freud or the anti-analytic colours of Adolf Meyer, of Baltimore, who in the first decades of this century assumed the psychiatric leadership in this country. More than any other distinguished neurologist, he recognized early on the painful truth that for psychiatry to fall back on the elaborate description of disease would be a traditional escape from problems that were new to medicine. He saw that the psychiatric problem was the patient unhappy in his environment. He elaborated methods of studying and treating individuals. He welcomed the trained help of the psychiatric social worker. He held obstinately to the ideal of restoring even psychotics to community life. To this day the training of most Americans in general psychiatry is based on the descriptive psychiatry of Kraepelin and the diagnostic and curative techniques of Adolf Meyer.

It would be optimistic to say that the neurologists have retreated to their proper field, or that the general psychiatrist has renounced his passionate interest in descriptive psychiatry. The medical authority of the neurologist and neuropsychiatrist is impregnable, while that of the psycho-therapist is still on trial.

The first discovery, then, of a layman looking into the practice of psychiatry is that he is himself the victim of a popular misconception of the psychiatrist as a psycho-therapist. The *American Journal of Psychiatry*, the authoritative national journal on general psychiatry, published in its issue for January 1947 a 'Review of Progress in Psychiatry for 1946'. The reader, if he is a moderately slow reader, might try shutting his eyes and guessing the titles of

the articles in this review. He would expect to hear, I think, about progress in analytic technique, in group therapy, drug therapy, hypno-analysis and the like. Not at all. Of the seventeen printed articles, these are the titles of the first ten :

1. Heredity and Eugenics.
2. Neuropathology, Bio-Chemistry and Endocrinology.
3. Electro-Encephalography.
4. Epilepsy.
5. Neurosyphilis.
6. Alcohol and Geriatrics.
7. Child Psychiatry and Mental Deficiency.
8. Psychometrics (Intelligence measurement).
9. Psychosomatic Medicine and Psycho-Surgery.
10. Physiological Treatment of Psychoses.

The survey is completed by essays on topics you might expect, such as 'Family Care and Out-Patient Mental Clinics', 'Psychiatric Education', 'Psychiatric Social Work', 'Military and Forensic Psychiatry', 'Psychiatry in Industry', 'Occupational Therapy', and 'Psychiatric Nursing'.

An appalled analyst wrote to the editor and protested that a review of a year's work in American psychiatry should have contained practically nothing about psycho-therapy and psychodynamics (why we act the way we do). The editor conceded promptly but serenely that it was a culpable oversight, and added that of course there ought also to have been something about group therapy. What amazes the innocent, however, is not that the survey should have failed to include a report on psycho-therapy, but that it should have included anything else. The reader will now see that psychiatry means usually 'general psychiatry', that is, the study and institutional treatment of the psychoses. He will be more ready, I fancy, to sympathize with the plea of a distinguished psychiatric teacher who, facing a new crop of psychiatric internes, announced: 'My task, and yours, for many years to come, is to introduce psychiatry into psychiatry.'

This situation, far from being uniquely American, is the universal situation. But one is keenly aware of it in the United States precisely because the pre-eminence of American psychiatry is forcing profounder shifts in the relative prestige of neurology and psychiatry. (American psychiatrists, who are usually unstinting in their praise of British neurology, express surprise that

psychiatry in Britain appears not to have attracted enough men of comparable calibre.) It is necessary to present this general situation to show that psychiatry is still dependent for its approved freedom of action on a medical tradition that has long resisted the scientific claims of psycho-therapy. Most of us, I imagine, need to be reminded that only a minority of practising psychiatrists are engaged in the personal treatment of emotional disturbance.

What, then, does the psychiatrist do; the general psychiatrist whose medical qualifications we have noted? Clearly, from the evidence of the authoritative survey I have quoted, he may be working exclusively on intelligence tests, on the study of old age, on measuring the electrical impulses of the brain, and on studies primarily neurological. Most graduate psychiatrists, however, become one of three types of practitioner, and to review the fields they work in is as fair a way as any of surveying the practical work of psychiatry in the United States.

He may become an institutional doctor, in a public or private mental hospital, or on the staff of a hospital psychiatric clinic, and he will deal with the insane, that is with psychotics. He may become a private consultant psychiatrist, practising mostly short-term therapy with neurotics, and sorting out severe cases for hospital treatment. Or he may become an analyst.

To begin with the work of the institutional doctor means it is time to sketch the main social function of psychiatry in a modern State, the function that the law recognizes above all others: namely, the care of psychotics, or people suffering temporary psychotic 'episodes'—in short, the people whose illness disables them for even the minimum social responsibilities and whom society is therefore obliged to put away. Generalizations about State care are so perilous, and there are so few people whose knowledge of hospital administration in forty-eight States is wide enough to warrant them, that I had better sketch the set-up in one State, which is expertly considered to be a characteristic average.

The State of Maryland has a population of about two million. Its geography has conditioned four marked cultural strains. The Western Shore is devoted to fishing and market-gardening. The west of the State is a mountainous mining section. Baltimore is an urban culture, and sixty per cent of the whole population of the State lives in and around it. These broad strains have produced some interesting trends of mental disease. In the mountains of the

Western part, for instance, there is almost no alcoholism, but there is the typical paresis of remote and inbred mountain settlements. As you move south-east, through Baltimore and to the Western shore, the tendency is slowly reversed—much alcoholism and no paresis. The Western shore, by the way, is heavily Southern, has many Negroes, and is strongly Catholic; and here is the State hospital exclusively for Negroes.

The first mental hospital in Maryland was in Baltimore, on the site of today's Johns Hopkins Hospital, and was built 'for sick mariners and the insane of Baltimore City'. Up to 1908, the counties of the State ran their own places, their asylums and almshouses. Shortly afterwards, the administration became a State affair and was run by a State Lunacy Commission appointed by the Governor. This, in time, became a State Board of Mental Hygiene, which, as it assumed more and more responsibility for standards of care, faced the enduring problem of financing. The first State hospital was built at Catonsville in 1855. Today the State runs four big mental hospitals—including one for Negroes. Maryland is the most northern State to separate coloured and white patients.

Theoretically, the four hospitals house the same assortment of patients, though in practice that on the Eastern Shore handles all alcoholics (it is farthest removed from the main sources of liquor). The Board of Mental Hygiene, in Baltimore, receives daily reports about the availability of beds in each hospital and distributes new patients accordingly. There are two psychiatric clinics attached to Baltimore hospitals, one at the University of Maryland, and the other (the famous Phipps) at Johns Hopkins. Sick people are diagnosed here and may be taken in for short treatment or committed to a State hospital, but here it is the Department of Welfare that makes the decision and then notifies the Board of Mental Hygiene. The Department of Welfare retains the privilege to be notified about commitments, because it would have to take the rap for false commitment. 'Better a legal definition of the social nuisance than a medical definition of the psychotic' is the watchword of most American cities when the emotional stability of its citizens is called in question.

The Federal government sets a standard of five 'mental' beds per thousand of the population and will financially help a State to accommodate so many. Maryland therefore ideally would

have 10,000 beds. It has 8,500 and there is some overcrowding. But this, it should be noted, is a relatively healthy condition.

What is the care, or fate, of these 8,500? Maryland practises a typical high average of State care. But it is quite ready to confess that in its State hospitals it does practically no psycho-therapy, in the pure definition of individual psychiatric treatment. The daily routine is that of all State hospitals. There is the dependable sedative of hydrotherapy. There is electric shock ('it may not be psycho-therapy,' asserted one harassed doctor, 'but it cures people, goddammit'). There is occupational therapy. There is insulin shock, not often, for it is an expensive treatment, and expense and highly paid skill are the bane of State hospitals. Two hospitals have beds reserved for psycho-surgery—for prefrontal lobotomies. In two hospitals, experiments are being done in group therapy.

If any reader wonders, after this sketch, why institutions devoted wholly to psychiatric patients should appear to do so little psycho-therapy, let him consider the daily chores of a mental hospital staff and he will be only too ready to acknowledge that this is the last place where disinterested and impassioned men are free to test out all the luxurious experiments in psycho-therapy that are done, say, in the famous Menninger Clinic in Topeka, Kansas.

The resident doctors in a State hospital are, first of all, workaday physicians. 'My job', said a staff doctor in another State, 'is as far removed from analysis as that of a janitor. I am an overworked country doctor with several hundred too many patients, who has the blessed excuse to use restraint. In one day I see between a hundred and a hundred and fifty patients in eight hours. Three minutes a day per patient would be a pretty good average. Then I help with lab. work. I do lumbar punctures, I treat syphilis. On the seventh day, I try to rest.' True, a patient when admitted is given a physical and mental examination. He is observed for a few weeks, so that the diagnosis may be accurate. His case is presented to the hospital staff, the findings reviewed and a decision made about the form that routine treatment is to take. But this, for the rest of his stay, has to be the high point of psychiatric concern about him. The main solicitude, reflecting the practical concern of the law, is that he shall not be given the wrong label.

It is merely nagging to blame the hospitals, the staff, or the



Boards of Mental Hygiene for this universal condition. It is the State legislatures that provide, or more often withhold, the money. And a hospital's lack of money is the root of its indignity. Defensively, the State hospitals rationalize their modest facilities and assail analytic work, and other painstaking psycho-therapy, as 'a millionaire proposition'. Their common excuse is that the only proper place for experiment and research is the private mental hospital. And certainly it is the private hospitals that have the money to attract able and pioneering directors and the leisure to do regular psychiatric interviewing and to test and reject several forms of treatment. But to the credit of State psychiatry, I should mention here the institution of the rural clinics. These are travelling units of three people—a psychiatrist, a social worker, and a psychologist—who go out around the countryside and cover the small towns, or villages, on fixed days in the week. More than any other device of American psychiatry, they try to meet the untidy and unremunerative demands of the whole community.

We now come to our second type: the psychiatrist who settles on private practice and who, by reason of his hospital training or his doctrinaire allegiances, is not primarily an analyst but a consultant. In large cities, where famous hospitals have psychiatric clinics as part of their medical service, it is brought home to many that hospital psychiatry teaches lessons that cannot be learned in private practice, and, conversely, that private practice presents many challenging variations from the clinical textbook picture. Historically, the non-analytic consultant is the inheritor of the life work of Adolf Meyer, or what may be called the Baltimore bias, and is likely to believe with him that 'a medical therapy which tends to perpetuate the doctor, instead of bowing him out of the situation as soon as humanly possible, is a poor one'. Today, this sentence seems to carry the protesting echo of an old feud, for most analysts would heartily agree with it but might disagree with the implication that a short treatment is always long enough or 'humanly possible'. However, the extreme anti-analytic psychiatrists frequently call analysis 'a research tool' or 'a selective therapy for picked patients' or 'an essential relic', and they aim to 'bring more psychiatry to more people as fast as possible'. I took up this attack with an English psychiatrist who is now the director of a private mental hospital in this country, for I imagined that it must be familiar in countries where

there are proportionately far fewer analysts among psychiatrists than in this country. He replied that even in spite of the lively internecine warfare that goes on between analysts and non-analysts in the United States, they nevertheless 'share their problems in meetings and day-to-day work far more than I have seen anywhere else. Even more in England, our curse is the doctor of psychological medicine, as we call him, who knows the clinical definitions pretty thoroughly, but who wouldn't know a lunatic if one walked in. I have met very few of this sort in the United States.'

The consulting psychiatrist is in effect, then, a short-term therapist, whatever his *apologia pro vita sua* (the fact that under questioning he so often reckons the analyst to be his adversary is a tribute to the authority of analysis over here). Whereas he formerly relied on direct questioning, some free association, and trusted the force of personal advice and direction of his patients' problems, his quiver has been strengthened in the past few years by drug therapy, by hypnosis, and most disquietingly, by a very free use of shock therapy. These developments have been regretably over-advertised, until the consultant complete with a bottle of sodium pentothal, a hypodermic needle, and a baleful eye, has emerged as the new popular conception of a psychiatrist. It has been the wholly unfortunate effect of some very earnest movies (including *The Seventh Veil*) to encourage the laity in its preconception that successful psychiatry produces fundamental personality changes in a swift, dramatic cure by these means. Indeed, the lamentable attempts of the movies (which reach, after all, several hundred million people a week) to reveal a magic in psychiatry has only exploited further the romantic view of the psychoses and has added, for the titillation of the world's neurotics, the new fallacy that drugs or hypnosis are types of the Truth Serum, when they are in fact very often less of a specific than a laxative. The Americans, if they are frequently the pioneers of such techniques, are also the first to doubt their permanent efficacy. It is the rather surprising distinction of American psychiatry to be at once most experimental and most conservative. The early fear of Freud, later retracted, that no good would come of psycho-analysis in America may have a lot to do with this. From the beginning, pioneers like Putnam and Smith Ely Jelliffe were very sensitive to the possible future of

psycho-therapy in an optimistic nation with an eye always cocked for the short cut.

A minor controversy now current is about the validity of hypno-analysis. Its best practitioners are still trying to establish the means of choosing, from patients who can be readily hypnotized, the ones who can first accept the material they reveal and then, through analysis, use its findings in their daily life. There are profound and puzzling personality factors involved and a hypno-analyst is by no means a man who will accept for treatment anybody who presents himself. The chief argument against hypno-analysis comes from the Freudians. They admit there are times when the analyst, who is usually several months ahead of his patient's insight, would like to get the patient to a stage where his liberation would move apace. But to transfer something from the patient's unconscious to his doctor's conscious is a very different process from a patient's own freeing of something in his unconscious into his conscious. It is not enough, the analysts argue, for the doctor to recognize what is wrong. Admittedly, crossword puzzles do not know when they have been solved. And there is undoubtedly a tendency for the doctor who can count many patients to enjoy the elation of doing successful work. In the same way, chess students, impatient of developing their game, may get a brisk and cheaper pleasure from the solution of end-games. If this tendency is not rigorously disciplined in himself by the doctor, say the analysts, hypno-analysis may amount, like other forms of short-term therapy, to not much more than the public demonstration of diagnosis.

We come at last to the third type: the analyst. The various Psycho-Analytic Institutes are outgrowths of the early European institutes which tried to set professional standards and organize their speciality against the disparagement of organized medicine. They it is who set the standards of training, and who open the channels for the exchange of knowledge. In two important ways, their training requirements are stricter than in Europe. A medical degree is demanded; and two years' general psychiatric work before specializing in analysis. Lay analysis is an old bugbear in the history of analysis, but the Institutes, while accepting laymen for analytic training to apply to social work, criminology, and anthropology, expressly forbid them to use it for therapy. This strict rule has dealt unkindly with a few distinguished

refugees, but the American psycho-analysts are determined to make the legal prestige of analysis as unquestioned as that of internal medicine. And the lay analyst, a dubious figure in the United States, can as such expect no protection from them.<sup>1</sup> The doctor who wants to become an analyst must first graduate from a medical school recognized by the American Medical Association. He must do one year's internship in a general hospital, and usually two years' general psychiatry, including at least one year of full-time in-patient psychiatry at an institution approved by the A.M.A. He must himself successfully go through analysis, receive instruction in analytic theory and technique, and for two or three years his own analytic work must be clinically supervised. These demands constitute the longest and most rigorous training of any branch of medicine.

This report is hardly the place to embark on an exposition of American analytic practice. In this, perhaps the most fruitful, certainly the most minor activity of American psychiatry, the controversies are most wounding and are most frequently bared. Karen Horney, in her dispute with the classical Freudians, has been an honest scavenger of much musty authoritarianism, though, like other successful labour-savers, she has artfully ignored the house-cleaning that her opponents have lately been doing for themselves. But neither she nor the more famous heresies of Jung, Stekel, and Adler have established in the United States schools of therapy at all comparable to the great tradition of Freud. Rank alone, through his work in Philadelphia, set the pattern for the training of psychiatric social workers, and while their service is an invaluable ally of institutional work, many psychiatrists complain they too often practise a dubious therapy in the guise of 'sympathetic' nurses.

Georges Devereaux devoted some airy speculation to this problem—the practical failure of the heretics—in a recent issue of *Les Temps Modernes*, and flew inconclusively through misty theories of Puritanism, the New England conscience, 'American idealism', and other such invective atmospheres. The psychiatric clinics of hospitals in Philadelphia, New York, Brooklyn, Chicago, Boston, and Topeka, have devoted an unequalled amount of time and skill to the clinical testing of most of the heresies. And,

<sup>1</sup> For the history of training standards, and the American divergences, see Ives Hendrick, *Facts and Theories of Psycho-Analysis*, pp. 320-336.

whatever their philosophical charms, they have not stood the test. The Freudian therapy, and its developments, will be discredited or superseded as soon as we have discovered shorter and better ways of curing unhappiness. Freud himself often sighed for such innovations.

The analysts themselves, once fearful of attack, have lately been willing to admit that whatever the ideal superiority of analysis as a personal therapy, it can be brought to pathetically few of the population that need it. An analyst can manage about eight patients a day. The average cost of a Freudian analysis, that is a daily hour—in the few cities that can provide it—is between £1 10s. and £6 5s. a day.

These are familiar complaints, but in a society in which neurosis is abounding, the bottleneck that awaits even the impatient and the well-to-do is as the eye of a needle. It is clear, I think, that many of the attacks on Freudian therapy that come from the profession itself are inspired not so much by clinical vigilance as by a frustration over the social luxury of the Freudian treatment. This has led some practitioners to attempt sociological and historical definitions of neurosis. It is a good contemporary ambition, but in these attempts one is struck by the woeful disparity between the medical knowledge and the historical knowledge. If the attempt is to succeed, it will be done by somebody whose mastery of scientific method will be the equal of Halévy, or at least Acton, in history, and the equal of Osler or Cushing in medicine. As it is, we get a presumably authoritative account of individual symptoms roughly ascribed to 'our sick society' by somebody with the historical acumen of Emil Ludwig or the glib observation of Ilya Ehrenberg.

The most important experiment in shortening analysis and reducing the therapy to its most dynamic element has come from the Freudians themselves. In an unparalleled experiment taking seven years of collective research, some of the staff of the Chicago Institute for Psycho-analysis, enlisting recognized analysts of that city, began in 1938 to try to solve 'the unpredictability of therapeutic results, the baffling discrepancy between the length and intensity of a treatment and the degree of therapeutic success'. They followed and refined the early suspicion of Ferenczi that we do not honestly know 'what does the curing'. Their study began by questioning the validity of traditional psycho-analytic dogmas: that a treatment is necessarily as deep as it is long; that a short treatment is necessarily superficial and temporary while a long

treatment is necessarily stable and profound; that to prolong a seemingly unproductive analysis is justifiable on the ground that the patient's resistance will eventually be overcome. They took simply the patients who came. Over the years, they found themselves dealing with troubles which, merely for the record, were simplified, or perhaps over-simplified, as depression, frigidity, peptic ulcer, alcoholism, bronchial asthma, pathological family constellation, schizophrenia, examination anxiety (a condition common enough to warrant the name), chronic anxiety, potential psychosis, war neurosis, and the whole book of standard classifications. Their study was not over until they had been able to check, months and years later, after all the treatments were ended. Their results,<sup>1</sup> published last year, try to suggest a new flexibility in standard analytic practice, although one's enthusiasm for their success depends on the reader's sharing their preconception about the rigidity of that practice.

Their main therapeutic conclusion is that in order to relieve him of his neurotic ways of feeling and acting, the patient seems to have to undergo new emotional experiences, not necessarily in life, but in the transference situation. They note that intellectual insight, and recollection of the past, are subordinate to this need. The only certain cure comes 'from re-experiencing the old, unsettled conflict *but with a new ending*'.

They decided that the standard psycho-analytic technique is only one, and not always the most suitable, of many. They came to recognize that there are definite disadvantages in any routine procedure. 'Just as a strain of bacteria may adapt itself to the drug being used for its extermination and become sulfa-resistant or penicillin-resistant, so neurotic mechanisms often adapt themselves to a standardized technique and thus rob it of its therapeutic effectiveness.' They discovered that there was often an advantage in interrupting the analysis. They conclude that there is no standard trustworthy technique, that the chief skill of the analyst is to apply the technique best suited to each case. From this experiment they hope that just as psychiatry was once restricted to the custodial care of advanced psychosis, and in time embraced neurotics, so now it will be possible to extend the scope of analysis 'to that even greater group—the acute, the mild chronic, and the incipient psychoneurotics'.

<sup>1</sup> *Psycho-analytic Therapy*, by Franz Alexander and Thomas M. French.



Perhaps the best effect of this book will be to intensify that twinge of conscience that every psychiatrist feels, or ought to feel, when he faces a new patient: the strategical decision about what is to be the therapeutic campaign. The patient is inevitably caught up in this dilemma, for by his choice of a doctor he unwittingly or not has chosen the mode of warfare. Innumerable patients, going forlornly from doctor to doctor, are in fact the victims of a choice of therapy they must endure before it is proved right or wrong for them. For to diagnose is to favour a form of treatment. That is the issue that was met, in internal medicine in the United States, by the emergence of the best kind of family doctor—the diagnostician, whose whole skill is devoted to making a first, sure diagnosis and who thereupon passes his patient on to the proper specialist. It is surely inevitable that the United States will also develop what may now be seen to be the true guide to more effective psycho-therapy: the psychiatric diagnostician.

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This essay has attempted the audacity of sketching briefly and fairly the whole field of practical psychiatry in the United States. The reader will note his favourite omissions, as I must confess to several of mine.

It may, however, be a beginning if the function of the 'psychiatrist' in American society has been correctly reported. For psychiatry is, or ought to be, a resource of the whole community. And the most responsible American psychiatrists deplore the chasm of aloofness that separates the two sources of American psychiatry—State care and individual therapy. Something is being done, in a few big cities, to bridge this gap. More city hospitals announce the opening of psychiatric clinics. Free clinics have been started in the slum areas of one or two big cities. There is a heartening co-operation in some places between the Church and psychiatry. A leading theological seminary recently asked forty of its students for the ministry to be analysed. And in Harlem in 1946, an Episcopal church sponsored a neighbourhood psychiatric clinic. In a nation of twenty-two million Catholics, there is a fascinating trend that ought not to be overlooked. It is the attempt of some alert Catholic psychiatrists to write a peace treaty with the Freudians. In a recent sermon, Monsignor Fulton Sheen, a popular alarmist and a man full of fear, reiterated some of the

more lurid illiteracies about psycho-analysis that have been current for forty years. He was patiently answered by a distinguished analyst and by a Catholic psychiatrist. However, there was no more in this than a familiar cat-and-dog fight, until *Commonweal*, the national Catholic weekly, published an editorial summoning Catholics to the feet of Freud and Freudians to the high altar. Written by a Catholic who is a clinical psychiatrist with the Veterans' Administration,<sup>1</sup> it represents the most significant plea that has yet been made for a Catholic acceptance of 'the Moses of modern psychiatry'. It asked Freudians to 'throw out their bootleg philosophy and theology', to consider what theologians have said about the relation between anxiety and despair, and what the classical moralists have defined as *inconsideratio*, the conscious rejection of anti-social action. It demanded that Catholics 'recognize the fact and the importance of the unconscious', and 'look into the Freudian description of *projection*', seeing in this the truest way of curing 'our all too prevalent anti-Semitism'. Confessing that 'our traditional psychology is largely philosophical and based upon an analysis of traits common to adults', it called down Catholic ethical training as being 'too often ill-adapted to the developing child and adolescent', and flatly announced that 'Freudians can teach much regarding the entire role of family figures in the upbringing of a child . . . they have studied these matters intensely, whereas our ascetical literature echoes the monastic viewpoint of life in the religious community'. The discovery that psycho-analysis, far from threatening family life, is the most thorough preparation for parenthood is, in an age of anxiety, already seeping through to popular journalism, and it is a bizarre sign of the times that the Hearst chain of newspapers runs easily the best daily column of question-and-answer psychiatric advice, a column<sup>2</sup> that by implication dissolves the accompanying editorials into their crudest elements of fear and prejudice.

But the most hopeful link between the higher reaches of psychiatry and the prevalent low spirits of a modern city is the psychosomatic clinic. Though psychosomatic medicine is a fairly recent re-interpretation, the law takes note of its one leg planted respectably in internal medicine. There are general hospitals that will not admit patients on an exclusively psychiatric diagnosis

<sup>1</sup> *Freudians and Catholics*, by Harry McNeill, issue of 27 July 1947.

<sup>2</sup> *Mirror of Your Mind*, by Lawrence Gould.

but will on a psychosomatic diagnosis. For the present, psychosomatic medicine encourages daily co-operation between the internist and the psychiatrist (a lucky inheritance from a battle-front necessity), interprets the language of psychiatry to the dubious physician, conducts its mysteries under the solid roof of city hospitals, and gives to the man 'who doesn't know what ails him' the tacit *carte-blanche* of the defeated general practitioner. This grant of respectability guarantees the psychiatrist the initial victory in his historical battle with distrust. Under city medical auspices, a patient with palpably physical ailments can be led to treatment by doctors who accept the subtle working unity of mind and body. And through these clinics are already passing all our unpretentious friends and neighbours, whose innocence or scepticism would seldom get them further than the family doctor and who would never call at an out-patients' clinic if they knew that its back door now provides a dignified retreat into psychiatry: the recurring ulcers, the asthmatics, the migraine headaches, the high blood pressures, the backaches, the incurable allergies, the over-eaters, the sinus victims (and their British 'catarrhal' cousins), the menstrual sufferers, the spastic colons, the hypochondriacs, the constipated, the 'acid indigestions', the chronic colds, the relapsed tuberculoses, the ever-tired, the acnes, the accident-prone, the childless wives. This is the great beginning, the watchful diagnosis and the unprejudiced treatment of common afflictions long thought to be disease entities. To those eager medical students who talk of 'specializing' in psychosomatic medicine, there has gone out from the heads of clinics the necessary warning that psychosomatic medicine is not a new speciality and might, indeed defeat its aims if ever it became one. 'It is rather', says Edward Weiss,<sup>1</sup> 'an approach to medicine that applies to all aspects of medicine and surgery . . . it does not mean to study the soma less; it only means to study the psyche more. . . . World War I established psychiatry on a firm scientific basis, and World War II is seeing its final integration into general medicine. When that integration is complete we will no longer need the term psychosomatic because good medicine will be psychosomatic.'

Until that day is here, and medicine is one world, psychosomatic medicine is the essential envoy between the two worlds of

<sup>1</sup> In 'Psycho-therapy in Everyday Practice', by Edward Weiss, M.D., in *Modern Attitudes in Psychiatry*, Columbia University Press, 1946.

psychiatry and internal medicine. But psychiatry itself has yet to conquer the social frontiers that are patrolled by the politician. It is the nub of the community problem that the widest use of mental hygiene can be safeguarded only by the most socially disinterested sponsor; yet the politician is the man who must vote the money and he is traditionally a man whose ambition is to lower taxes and keep everybody happy. It is not the creative patience, the range of ability, or the psychiatric leadership that is wanting to make American psychiatry offer the best, perhaps the last, promise of liberty and the pursuit of happiness. It is the convinced support of Government, at a time when the United States is blessed with a Congress whose declared intention is 'to balance the budget', whatever imbalance of security and health this may entail.

*J. F. POWERS*

## PRINCE OF DARKNESS

### I. MORNING

'I SHOULD'VE known you'd be eating breakfast, Father. But I was at your Mass and I said to myself that must be Father Burner. Then I stayed a few minutes after Mass to make my thanksgiving.'

'Fine,' Father Burner said. 'Breakfast?'

'Had it, Father, thanking you all the same. It's the regret of my life that I can't be a daily communicant. Doctor forbids it. "Fast every day and see how long you last," he tells me. But I do make it to Mass.'

'Fine. You say you live in Father Desmond's parish?'

'Yes, Father. And sometimes I think Father Desmond does too much. All the societies to look after. Plus the Scouts and the Legion. Of course Father Kells being so elderly and all . . .'

'We're all busy these days.'

'It's the poor parish priest's day that's never done, I always say, Father, not meaning to slight the ladies, God love 'em.'

Father Burner's sausage fingers, spelling his impatience over and over, worked up sweat in the folds of the napkin which he kept in view to provoke an early departure. 'About this matter

you say Father Desmond thought I might be interested in——'  
'The Plan, Father.' Mr. Tracy lifted his seersucker trousers by the creases, crossed his shining two-tone shoes, and rolled warmly forward. 'Father . . .'

Father Burner met his look briefly. He was wary of the fatherers. A backslider he could handle, it was the old story, but a red-hot believer, especially a talkative one, could be a devilish nuisance. This kind might be driven away only by prayer and fasting, and he was not adept at either.

'I guess security's one thing we're all after.'

Father Burner grunted. Mr. Tracy was too familiar to suit him. He liked his parishioners to be retiring, dumb, or frightened. There were too many references made to the priest's hard lot. Not so many poor souls as all that passed away in the wee hours, nor was there so much bad weather to brave. Mr. Tracy's heart bled for priests. That in itself was a suspicious thing in a layman. It all led up to the Plan.

'Here's the Plan, Father . . .'

 Father Burner watched his eye peel down to naked intimacy. Then, half-listening, he gazed about the room. He hated it, too. A fabulous brown rummage of encyclopedias, world globes, maps, photographs, holy pictures, mirrors, crucifixes, tropical fish, and too much furniture. The room reproduced the world, all wonders and horrors, less land than water. From the faded precipices of the walls photographs viewed each other for the most part genially across time. Three popes, successively thinner, raised hands to bless their departed painters. The world globes simpered in the shadows, heavy-headed idiot boys, listening. A bird in a blacked-out cage scratched among its offal. An anomalous buddha peeked beyond his dusty umbilicus at the trampled figures in the rug. The fish swam on, the mirrors and encyclopedias turned in upon themselves, the earless boys heard everything and understood nothing. Father Burner put his big black shoe on a moth and sent dust flecks crowding up a shaft of sunlight to the distant ceiling.

'Say you pay in \$22.67 every month, can be paid semi-annually or as you please, policy matures in twenty years and pays you \$35.50 a month for twenty years or as long as you live. That's the deal for you, Father. It beats the deal Father Desmond's got, although he's got a darned good one, and I hope he keeps it up. But we've gone ahead in the last few years, Father. Utilities are

sounder, bonds are more secure, and this new legislation protects you one hundred per cent.'

'You say Ed—Father Desmond—has the Plan?'

'Oh, indeed, Father.' Mr. Tracy had to laugh. 'I hope you don't think I'm trying to high-pressure you, Father. It's not just a piece of business with me, the Plan.'

'No?'

'No. You see, it's more or less a pet project of mine. Hardly make a cent on it. Looking out after the fathers, you might say, so they'll maybe look out after me—spiritually. I call it heavenly life insurance.'

Slightly repelled, Father Burner nodded.

'Not a few priests that I've sold the Plan to remember me at the altar daily. I guess prayer's one thing we can all use. Anyway, it's why I take a hand in putting boys through seminary.'

With that Mr. Tracy shed his shabby anonymity for Father Burner, and grew executive markings. He became the one and only Thomas Nash Tracy—T. N. T. It was impossible to read the papers and not know a few things about T. N. T. He was in small loans and insurance. His company's advertising smothered the town and country; everybody knew the slogan 'T. N. T. Spells Security.' He figured in any financial drive undertaken by the diocese, was caught by photographers in orphanages, and sat at the heavy end of the table at communion breakfasts. Hundreds of nuns, thanks to his thoughtfulness, ate capon on Christmas Day, and a few priests of the right sort received baskets of scotch. He was a B. C. L., a Big Catholic Layman, and now Father Burner could see why. Father Burner's countenance softened at this intelligence, and T. N. T. proceeded with more assurance.

'And don't call it charity, Father. Insurance, as I said, is a better name for it. I have a little money, Father, which makes it possible.' He tuned his voice down to a whisper. 'You might say I'm moderately wealthy.' He looked sharply at Father Burner, not sure of his man. 'But I'm told there isn't any crime in that.'

'I believe you need not fear for your soul on that account.'

'Glad to hear it from you, a priest, Father. Oft-times it's thrown up to me.' He came to terms with reality, smiling. 'I wasn't always so well off myself, so I can understand the temptation to knock the other fellow.'

'Fine.'



'But that's still not to say that water's not wet or that names don't hurt sometimes, whatever the bard said to the contrary.'

'What bard?'

' "Sticks and stones——".'

'Oh.'

'If this were a matter of faith and morals, Father, I'd be the one to sit back and let you do the talking. But it's a case of common sense, Father, and I think I can safely say, if you listen to me you'll not lose by it in the long run.'

'It could be.'

'May I ask you a personal question, Father?'

Father Burner searched T. N. T.'s face. 'Go ahead, Mr. Tracy.'

'Do you bank, Father?'

'*Bank*? Oh, bank—no. Why?'

'Let's admit it, Father,' T. N. T. coaxed, frankly amused. 'Priests as a class are an improvident lot—our records show it—and you're no exception. But that, I think, explains the glory of the Church down through the ages.'

'The Church is divine,' Father Burner corrected. 'And the concept of poverty isn't exactly foreign to Christianity or even to the priesthood.'

'Exactly,' T. N. T. agreed, pinked. 'But think of the future, Father.'

Nowadays when Father Burner thought of the future it required a firm act of imagination. As a seminarian twenty years ago, it had all been plain: ordination, roughly ten years as a curate somewhere (he was not the kind to be sent to Rome for further study), a church of his own to follow, the fruitful years, then retirement, pastor emeritus, with assistants doing the spade work, leaving the fine touches to him, still a hearty old man very much alive. It was not an uncommon hope and, in fact, all around him it had materialized for his friends. But for him it was only a bad memory growing worse. He was the desperate assistant now, the angry functionary ageing in the outer office. One day he would wake and find himself old, as the morning finds itself covered with snow. The future had assumed the forgotten character of a dream, so that he could not be sure that he had ever truly had one.

T. N. T. talked on and Father Burner felt a mist generating on his forehead. He tore his damp hands apart and put the napkin aside. Yes, yes, it was true a priest received miserably little, but

then that was the whole idea. He did not comment, dreading T. N. T.'s foaming compassion, to be spat upon with charity. Yes, as a matter of fact, it would be easier to face old age with something more to draw upon than what the ecclesiastical authorities deemed sufficient and would provide. Also, as T. N. T. pointed out, one never knew when he might come down with an expensive illness. T. N. T., despite himself, had something. . . . The Plan, in itself, was not bad. He must not reject the olive branch because it came by buzzard. But still Father Burner was a little bothered by the idea of a priest feathering his nest. Why? In other problems he was never the one to take the ascetic interpretation.

'You must be between thirty-five and forty, Father.'

'I'll never see forty again.'

'I'd never believe it from anyone else. You sure don't look it, Father.'

'Maybe not. But I feel it.'

'Worries, Father. And one big one is the future, Father. You'll get to be fifty, sixty, seventy—and what have you got?—not a penny saved. You look around and say to yourself—where did it go?'

T. N. T. had the trained voice of the good and faithful servant, supple from many such dealings. And still from time to time a faint draught of contempt seemed to pass through it which had something to do with his eyes. Here, Father Burner thought, was the latest thing in simony, unnecessary, inspired from without, participated in spiritlessly by the priest who must yet suffer the brunt of the blame and ultimately do the penance. Father Burner felt mysteriously purchasable. He was involved in an exchange of confidences which impoverished him mortally. In T. N. T. he sensed free will in its senility or the infinite capacity for equating evil with good—or with nothing—the same thing, only easier. Here was one more word in the history of the worm's progress, another wave on the dry flood that kept rising, the constant aggrandizement of decay. In the end it must touch the world and everything at the heart. Father Burner felt weak from a nameless loss.

'I think I can do us both a service, Father.'

'I don't say you can't.' Father Burner rose quickly. 'I'll have to think about it, Mr. Tracy.'

'To be sure, Father.' He produced a glossy circular. 'Just let me leave this literature with you.'

Father Burner, leading him to the door, prevented further talk by reading the circular. It was printed in a churchy type, all purple and gold, a dummy leaf from a medieval hymnal, and entitled, 'A Silver Lining in the Sky'. It was evidently meant for clergymen only, though not necessarily priests, as Father Burner could instantly see from its general tone.

'Very interesting,' he said.

'My business phone is right on the back, Father. But if you'd rather call me at my home some night——'

'No, thanks, Mr. Tracy.'

'Allow me to repeat, Father, this isn't just business with me.'

'I understand.' He opened the door too soon for T. N. T. 'Glad to have met you.'

'Glad to have met you, Father.'

Father Burner went back to the table. The coffee needed warming up and the butter had vanished into the toast. 'Mary,' he called. Then he heard them come gabbing into the rectory, Quinlan and his friend Keefe, also newly ordained.

They were hardly inside the dining room before he was explaining how he came to be eating breakfast so late—so late, see?—not *still*.

'You protest too much, Father,' Quinlan said. 'The Angelic Doctor himself weighed three hundred pounds, and I'll wager he didn't get it all from prayer and fasting.'

'A pituitary condition,' Keefe interjected, faltering. 'Don't you think?'

'Yah, yah, Father, you'll wager'—Father Burner, eyes malignant, leaned on his knife, the blade bowing out bright and buttery beneath his fist—'and I'll wager you'll be the first saint to reach heaven with a flannel mouth!' Rising from the table, he shook Keefe's hand, which was damp from his pocket, and experienced a surge of strength, the fat man's contempt and envy for the thin man. He thought he might break Keefe's hand off at the wrist without drawing a drop of blood.

Quinlan stood aside, six inches or more below them, gazing up, as at two impossibly heroic figures in a hotel mural. Reading the caption under them, he mused, 'Father Burner meets Father Keefe.'

'I've heard about you, Father,' Keefe said, plying him with a warmth beyond his means.

'Bound to be the case in a diocese as overstocked with magpies as this one.' Father Burner threw a fresh napkin at a plate. 'But be seated, Father Keefe.' Keefe, yes, he had seen him before, a nobody in a crowd, some affair . . . the K. C. barbecue, the Youth Centre? No, probably not, not Keefe, who was obviously not the type, too crabbed and introversive for Catholic Action. 'I suppose,' he said, 'you've heard the latest definition of Catholic Action—the interference of the laity with the inactivity of the hierarchy.'

'Very good,' Keefe said uneasily.

Quinlan yanked off his collar and churned his neck up and down to get circulation. 'Dean in the house? No? Good.' He pitched the collar at one of the candles on the buffet for a ringer. 'That turkey we met coming out the front door—think I've seen his face somewhere.'

'Thomas Nash Tracy,' Keefe said. 'I thought you knew.'

'The prominent lay priest and usurer?'

Keefe coughed. 'They say he's done a lot of good.'

Quinlan spoke to Father Burner: 'Did you take out a policy, Father?'

'One of the sixth-graders threw a rock through his windshield,' Father Burner said. 'He was very nice about it.'

'Muldoon or Ciesniewski?'

'A new kid. Public school transfer.' Father Burner patted the napkin to his chin. 'Not that I see anything wrong with insurance.'

Quinlan laughed. 'Let Walter tell you what happened to him a few days ago. Go ahead, Walter,' he said to Keefe.

'Oh, that.' Keefe fidgeted and, seemingly against his better judgement, began. 'I had a little accident—was it Wednesday it rained so? I had the misfortune to skid into a fellow parked on Fairmount. Dented his fender.' Keefe stopped and then, as though impelled by the memory of it, went on. 'The fellow came raging out of his car at me. I thought there'd be serious trouble. Then he must have seen I was a priest, the way he calmed down, I mean. I had a funny feeling it wasn't because he was a Catholic or anything like that. As a matter of fact he wore a Masonic button.' Keefe sighed. 'I guess he saw I was a priest and *ergo* . . . knew I'd have insurance.'

'Take nothing for your journey, neither staff, nor scrip,' Quinlan said, 'words taken from today's gospel.'

Father Burner spoke in a level tone: 'Not that I *still* see anything wrong with insurance. It's awfully easy,' he continued, hating himself for talking drivel, 'to make too much of little things.' With Quinlan around he played the conservative; among the real right-handers he was the *enfant terrible*. He operated on the principle of discord at any cost. He did not know why. It was a habit. Perhaps it had something to do with being overweight.

Arranging the Dean's chair, which had arms, for himself, Quinlan sank into it, giving Keefe the Irish whisper. 'Grace, Father.'

Keefe addressed the usual words to God concerning the gifts they were about to receive. During the prayer Father Burner stopped chewing and did not reach for anything. He noted once more that Quinlan crossed himself sloppily enough to be a monsignor.

Keefe nervously cleared the entire length of his throat. 'It's a beautiful church you have here at Saint Patrick's, Father.' A lukewarm light appeared in his eyes, flickered, sputtered out, leaving them blank and blue. His endless fingers felt for his receding chin in the onslaught of silence.

'I have?' Father Burner turned his spoon abasingly to his bosom. 'Me?' He jabbed at the grapefruit before him, his second, demolishing its perfect rose window. 'I don't know why it is the Irish without exception are always laying personal claim to church property. The Dean is forever saying *my* church, *my* school, *my* furnace . . .'

'I'm sorry, Father,' Keefe said, flushing. 'And I'll confess I did think he virtually built Saint Patrick's.'

'Out of the slime of the earth, I know. A common error.' With sudden, unabated displeasure Father Burner recalled how the Dean, one of the last of the old brick and mortar pastors, had built the church, school, sisters' house, and rectory, and had named the whole thing through the lavish pretence of a popular contest. Opposed bitterly by Polish, German, and Italian minorities, he had effected a compromise between their bad taste (Saint Stanislaus, Saint Boniface, Saint Anthony) and his own better judgement in the choice of Saint Patrick's.

Quinlan, snorting, blurted, 'Well, he did build it, didn't he?'

Father Burner smiled at them from the other world. 'Only, if you please, in a manner of speaking.'

'True,' Keefe murmured humbly.

'Nuts,' Quinlan said. 'It's hard for me to see God in a few buildings paid for by the funds of the faithful and put up by a mick contractor. A burning bush, yes.'

Father Burner, lips parched to speak an unsummonable cruelty, settled for a smouldering aside to the kitchen. 'Mary, more eggs here.'

A stuffed moose of a woman with a tabby-cat face charged in on swollen feet. She stood wavering in shoes sliced fiercely for corns. With the back of her hand she wiped some cream from the fuzz ringing her baby-pink mouth. Her hair poked through a broken net like stunted antlers. Father Burner pointed to the empty platter.

'Eggs,' he said.

'Eggs!' she cried, tumbling her eyes like great blue dice among them. She seized up the platter and carried it whirling with grease into the kitchen.

Father Burner put aside the grapefruit. He smiled and spoke calmly. 'I'll have to let the Dean know, Father, how much you like *his* plant.'

'Do, Father. A beautiful church . . . "a poem in stone"—was it Ruskin?'

'Ruskin? *Stones of Venice*,' Father Burner grumbled. '*Sesame and Lilies*, I know . . . but I never cared for his *style*.' He passed the knife lovingly over the pancakes on his plate and watched the butter bubble at the pores. 'So much sweetness, so much light, I'm afraid, made Jack a dull boy.'

Quinlan slapped all his pockets. 'Pencil and paper, quick!'

'And yet . . . ' Keefe cocked his long head, brow fretted, and complained to his upturned hands. 'Don't understand how he stayed outside the Church.' He glanced up hopefully. 'I wonder if Chesterton gives us a clue.'

Father Burner, deaf to such precious speculation, said, 'In the nineteenth century Francis Thompson was the only limey worth his salt. It's true.' He quartered the pancakes. 'Of course, Newman.'

'Hopkins has some good things.'

'Good—yes, if you like jabberwocky and jebbies! I don't care for either.' He dispatched a look of indictment at Quinlan.

'What a pity,' Quinlan murmured, 'Oliver Wendell couldn't be at table this morning.'

'No, Father, you can have your Hopkins, you and Father Quinlan here. Include me out, as Sam Goldwyn says. Poetry—I'll take my poetry the way I take my liquor, neat.'

Mary brought in the platter oozing with bacon and eggs.

'Good for you, Mary,' Quinlan said. 'I'll pray for you.'

'Thank you, Father,' Mary said.

Quinlan dipped the platter with a trace of obeisance to Father Burner.

'No, thanks.'

Quinlan scooped up the coffeepot in a fearsome rush and held it high at Father Burner, his arm so a-tremble the lid rattled dangerously. 'Sure and will you be about having a sup of coffee now, Father?'

'Not now. And do you mind not playing the wild Irish wit so early in the day, Father?'

'That I don't. *But a relentless fate pursuing good Father Quinlan, he was thrown in among hardened clerics where but for the grace of God that saintly priest, so little understood, so much maligned . . .*' Quinlan poured two cups and passed one to Keefe. 'For yourself, Father.'

Father Burner nudged the toast to Keefe. 'Father Quinlan, that saintly priest, models his life after the Rover Boys, particularly Sam, the fun-loving one.'

Quinlan dealt himself a mighty *mea culpa*.

Father Burner grimaced, the flesh rising in sweet, concentric tiers around his mouth, and said in a tone both entrusting and ennobling Keefe with his confidence, 'The syrup, if you please, Father'. Keefe passed the silver pitcher which was running at the mouth. Father Burner reimmersed the doughy remains on his plate until the butter began to float around the edges as in a moat. He felt them both watching the butter. Regretting that he had not foreseen this attraction, he cast about in his mind for something to divert them and found the morning sun coming in too strongly. He got up and pulled down the shade. He returned to his place and settled himself in such a way that a new chapter was indicated. 'Don't believe I know where you're located, Father.'

'Saint Jerome's,' Keefe said. 'Monsignor Fiedler's.'

'One of those P. N. places, eh? Is the boss sorry he ever started it? I know some of them are.'



Keefe's lips popped apart. 'I don't quite understand.'

Quinlan prompted: 'P. N.—Perpetual Novena.'

'Oh, I never heard him say.'

'You wouldn't, of course. But I know a lot of them that are.' Father Burner stuck a morsel on his fork and swirled it against the tide of syrup. 'It's a real problem all right. I was all out for a P. N. here during the depression. Thought it might help. The Dean was against it.'

'I can tell you this,' Keefe said. 'Attendance was down from what it used to be until the casualties began to come in. Now it's going up.'

'I was just going to say the war ought to take the place of the depression.' Father Burner fell silent. 'Terrible thing, war. Hard to know what to do about it. I tried to sell the Dean the idea of a victory altar. You've seen them. Vigil lights——'

'At a dollar a throw,' Quinlan said.

'Vigil lights in the form of a V, names of the men in the service and all that. But even that, I guess—— Well, like I said, I tried . . .'

'Yes, it is hard,' Keefe said.

'God, the Home, and the Flag,' Quinlan said. 'The poets don't make the wars.'

Father Burner ignored that. 'Lately, though, I can't say how I feel about P. N.'s. Admit I'm not so strong for them as I was once. Ought to be some way of terminating them, you know, but then they wouldn't be perpetual, would they?'

'No, they wouldn't,' Keefe said.

'Not so perpetual,' Quinlan said.

'Of course,' Father Burner continued, 'the term itself, perpetual novena, is preposterous, a solecism. Possibly dispensation lies in that direction. I'm not theologian enough to say. Fortunately it's not a problem we have to decide.' He laid his knife and fork across the plate. 'Many are the consolations of the lowly curate. No decisions, no money worries.'

'We still have to count the sugar,' Quinlan said. 'And put up the card tables.'

'Reminds me,' Father Burner said earnestly. 'Father Desmond at Assumption was telling me they've got a new machine does all that.'

'Puts up card tables?' Quinlan inquired.

'Counts the collection, wraps the silver,' Father Burner explained, 'so it's all ready for the bank. Mean to mention it to the Dean, if I can catch him right.'

'I'm afraid, Father, he knows about it already.'

Father Burner regarded Quinlan sceptically. 'Does? I suppose he's against it.'

'I heard him tell the salesman that's what he had his assistants for.'

'Assistant, Father, not assistants. You count the collection, not me. I was only thinking of you.'

'I was only quoting him. Father. [Sic.] Sorry.'

'Not at all. I haven't forgotten the days I had to do it. It's a job has to be done and nothing to be ashamed of. Wouldn't you say, Father Keefe?'

'I dare say that's true.'

Quinlan, with Father Burner still molesting him with his eyes, poured out a glass of water and drank it all. 'I still think we could do with a lot less calculating. I notice the only time we get rid of the parish paper is when the new lists are published—the official standings. Of course it's a lousy sheet anyway.'

Father Burner, as editor of the paper, replied: 'Yes, yes, Father. We all know how easy it is to be wrathful or fastidious about these things—or whatever the hell it is you are. And we all know there *are* abuses. But contributing to the support of the Church is still one of her commandments.'

'Peace, Père,' Quinlan said.

'Figures don't lie.'

'Somebody was telling me just last night that figures do lie. He looked a lot like you.'

Father Burner found his cigarettes and shuffled a couple half out of the pack. He eyed Quinlan and the cigarettes as though it were as simple to discipline the one as to smoke the others. 'For some reason, Father, you're damned fond of those particular figures.'

Keefe stirred. 'Which particular figures, Fathers?'

'It's the figures put out by the Cardinal of Toledo on how many made their Easter duty last year.' Father Burner offered Keefe a cigarette. 'I discussed the whole thing with Father Quinlan last night. It's his latest thesis. Have a cigarette?'

'No, thanks,' Keefe said.

'So you don't smoke?' Father Burner looked from Keefe to

Quinlan, blacklisting them together. He held the cigarette hesitantly at his lips. 'It's all right, isn't it?' He laughed and touched off the match with his thumbnail.

'His Eminence,' Quinlan said, 'reports only fifteen per cent of the women and five per cent of the men made their Easter duty last year.'

'So that's only three times as many women as men,' Father Burner said with buried gaiety. 'Certainly to be expected in any Latin country.'

'But fifteen per cent, Father! And five per cent! Just think of it!' Keefe glanced up at the ceiling and at the souvenir plates on the moulding, as though to see inscribed along with scenes from the Columbian Exposition the day and hour the end of the world would begin. He finally stared deep into the goldfish tank in the window.

Father Burner ploughed up the silence, talking with a mouthful of smoke. 'All right, all right, I'll say what I said in the first place. There's something wrong with the figures. A country as overwhelmingly Catholic as Spain!' He sniffed, pursed his lips, and said, 'Pooh!'

'Yes,' Keefe said, still baulking. 'But it is disturbing, Father Burner.'

'Sure it's disturbing, Father Keefe. *Lots of things are.*'

A big, faded goldfish paused to stare through the glass at them and then with a single lob of its tail slipped into a dark green corner.

Quinlan said, 'Father Burner belongs to the school that's always seeing a great renascence of faith in the offing. The hour before dawn and all that. Tell it to Rotary on Tuesday, Father.'

Father Burner countered with a frosty pink smile. 'What would I ever do without you, Father? If you're trying to say I'm a dreadful optimist, you're right and I don't mind at all. I am—and proud of it!'

Ascending to his feet, he went to the right side of the buffet, took down the card index to parishioners, and returned with it to his place. He pushed his dishes aside and began to sort out the deadheads to be called on personally by him or Quinlan. The Dean, like all pastors, he reflected, left the dirty work to the assistants. 'Why doesn't he pull them,' he snapped, tearing up a card, 'when they kick off! Can't very well forward them to the next world. Say, how many Gradys live at 909 South Vine?

Here's Anna, Catherine, Clement, Gerald, Harvey, James A., James F.—which James is the one they call "Bum"?"

'James F.,' Quinlan said. 'Can't you tell from the take? The other James works.'

'John, Margaret, Matthew—that's ten, no eleven. Here's Dennis out of place. Patrick, Rita and William—fourteen of them, no birth control there, and they all give. Except Bum. Nice account otherwise. Can't we find Bum a job? What's it with him, drink?'

Now he came to Maple Street. These cards were the remains of little Father Vicci's work among the magdalens. Ann Mason, Estelle Rogers, May Miller, Billie Starr. The names had the generic ring. Great givers when they gave—Christmas, \$25; Easter, \$20; Propagation of the Faith, \$10; Catholic University, \$10—but not much since Father Vicci was exiled to the sticks. He put Maple Street aside for a thorough sifting.

The doorbell rang. Father Burner leaned around in his chair. 'Mary.' The doorbell rang again. Father Burner bellowed. 'Mary!'

Quinlan pushed his chair away from the table. 'I'll get it.'

Father Burner blocked him. 'Oh, I'll get it! Hell of a bell! Why does he have a bell like that!' Father Burner opened the door to a middle-aged woman whose name he had forgotten or never known. 'Good morning,' he said. 'Will you step in?'

She stayed where she was and said, 'Father, it's about the servicemen's flag in church. My son Stanley—you know him——'

Father Burner, who did not know him, half nodded. 'Yes, how is Stanley?' He gazed over her shoulder at the lawn, at the dandelions turning into poppies before his eyes.

'You know he was drafted last October, Father, and I been watching that flag you got in church ever since, and it's still the same, five hundred thirty-six stars. I thought you said you put a star up for all them that's gone in the service, Father.'

Now the poppies were dandelions again. He could afford to be firm with her. 'We can't spend all our time putting up stars. Sometimes we fall behind. Besides, a lot of the boys are being discharged.'

'You mean there's just as many going in as coming out, so you don't have to change the flag?'

'Something like that.'

'I see.' He was sorry for her. They had run out of stars. He had tried to get the Dean to order some more, had even offered . . .

and the Dean had said they could use up the gold ones first. When Father Burner had objected, telling him what it would mean, he had suggested that Father Burner apply for the curatorship of the armoury.

'The pastor will be glad to explain how it works the next time you see him.'

'Well, Father, if that's the way it is . . .' She was fading down the steps. 'I just thought I'd ask.'

'That's right. There's no harm in asking. How's Stanley?'

'Fine, and thank you, Father, for your trouble.'

'No trouble.'

When he came back to the table they were talking about the junior clergyman's examinations which they would take for the first time next week. Father Burner interrupted, 'The Dean conducts the history end of it, you know.'

'I say!' Keefe said. 'Any idea what we can expect?'

'You have nothing to fear. Nothing.'

'Really?'

'Really. Last year, I remember, there were five questions and the last four depended on the first. So it was really only one question—if you knew it. I imagine you would've.' He paused, making Keefe ask for it.

'Perhaps you can recall the question, Father?'

'Perfectly, Father. "What event in the American history of the Church took place in 1541?"' Father Burner, slumping in his chair, smirked at Keefe pondering for likely martyrs and church legislation. He imagined him skipping among the tomes and statuary of his mind, winnowing dates and little known facts like mad, only at last to emerge dusty and downcast. Father Burner sat up with a jerk and assaulted the table with the flat of his hand. 'Time's up. Answer: "De Soto sailed up the Mississippi."'

Quinlan snorted. Keefe sat very still, incredulous, silent, utterly unable to digest the answer, finally croaking, 'How odd'. Father Burner saw in him the boy whose marks in school had always been a consolation to his parents.

'So you don't have to worry, Father. No sense in preparing for it. Take in a couple of movies instead. And cheer up! The Dean's been examining the junior clergy for twenty-five years and nobody ever passed history yet. You wouldn't want to be the first one.'

Father Burner said grace and made the sign of the cross with slow distinction. 'And, Father,' he said, standing, extending his hand to Keefe, who also rose, 'I'm glad to have met you'. He withdrew his hand before Keefe was through with it and stood against the table knocking toast crumbs on to his plate. 'Ever play any golf? No? Well, come and see us for conversation then. You don't have anything against talking, do you?'

'Well, of course, Father, I . . .'

Father Burner gave Keefe's arm a rousing clutch. 'Do that!'

'I will, Father. It's been a pleasure.'

'Speaking of pleasure,' Father Burner said, tossing Quinlan a stack of cards, 'I've picked out a few lost sheep for you to see on Maple Street, Father.'

## II. NOON

He hung his best black trousers on a hanger in the closet and took down another pair, also black. He tossed them out behind him and they fell patched at the cuffs and baggy across his unmade bed. His old suede jacket, following, slid dumpily to the floor. He stood gaping in his clerical vest and undershorts, knees knocking and pimply, thinking . . . what else? His aviator's helmet. He felt all the hooks blindly in the darkness. It was not there. 'Oh, hell!' he groaned, sinking to his knees. He pawed among the old shoes and boxes, and wrapping paper and string that he was always going to need. Under his golf bag he found it. So Mary had cleaned yesterday.

There was also a golf ball unknown to him, a Royal Bomber, with one small hickey in it. Father Desmond, he remembered, had received a box of Royal Bombers from a thoughtful parishioner. He stuck the helmet on his balding head to get it out of the way and took the putter from the bag. He dropped the ball at the door of the closet. Taking his own eccentric stance—a perversion of what the pro recommended and a dozen books on the subject—he putted the ball across the room at a dirty collar lying against the bookcase. A thready place in the carpet caused the ball to jump the collar and to loose a pamphlet from the top of the bookcase. He restored the pamphlet—Pius XI on 'Atheistic Communism'—and poked the ball back to the door of the closet. Then, allowing for the carpet, he drove the ball straight, *click*, through the collar, *clop*. Still had his old putting eye. And his irons had always been

steady if not exactly crashing. It was his woods, the tee shots, that ruined his game. He'd give a lot to be able to hit his woods properly, not to dub his drives, if only on the first tee—where there was always a crowd (mixed).

At one time or another he had played every hole at the country club in par or less. Put all those pars and birdies together, adding in the only two eagles he'd ever had, and you had the winning round in the state open, write-ups and action shots in the papers—photo shows Rev. Ernest 'Boomer' Burner, par-shattering padre, blasting out of a trap. He needed only practice perhaps and at his earliest opportunity he would entice some of the eighth-grade boys over into the park to shag balls. He sank one more for good measure, winning a buck from Ed Desmond who would have bet against it, and put the club away.

Crossing the room for his trousers he noticed himself in the mirror with the helmet on and got a mild surprise. He scratched a little hair down from underneath the helmet to offset the egg effect. He searched his eyes in the mirror for a sign of ill health. He walked away from the mirror, as though done with it, only to wheel sharply so as to see himself as others saw him, front and profile, not wanting to catch his eye, just to see himself. . . .

Out of the top drawer of the dresser he drew a clean white silk handkerchief and wiped the shine from his nose. He chased his eyes over into the corner of the mirror and saw nothing. Then, succumbing to his original intention, he knotted the handkerchief at the crown of the helmet and completed the transformation of time and place and person by humming, vibrato, 'Jeannine, I dream in lilac time,' remembering the old movie. He saw himself over his shoulder in the mirror, a sad war ace. It reminded him that his name was not Burner, but Boerner, an impediment removed at the outset of the First World War by his father. In a way he resented the old man for it. They had laughed at the seminary; the war, except as theory, hardly entered there. In perverse homage to the old Boerner, to which he now affixed a proud 'von', he dropped the fair-minded American look he had and faced the mirror sneering, scar-cheeked, and black of heart, the flying Junker who might have been. 'Himmelkreuzdonnerwetter! When you hear the word "culture",' he snarled, hearing it come back to him in German, 'reach for your revolver!'



Reluctantly he pulled on his black trousers, falling across the bed to do so, as though felled, legs heaving up like howitzers.

He lay still for a moment, panting, and then let the innerspring mattress bounce him to his feet, a fighter coming off the ropes. He stood looking out the window, buckling his belt, and then down at the buckle, chins kneading softly with the effort, and was pleased to see that he was holding his own on the belt, still a good half-inch away from last winter's high-water mark.

At the sound of high heels approaching on the front walk below, he turned firmly away from the window and considered for the first time since he posted it on the wall the prayer for priests sent him by a candle concern. 'Remember, O most compassionate God, that they are but weak and frail human beings. Stir up in them the grace of their vocation which is in them by the position of the Bishops' hands. Keep them close to Thee, lest the enemy prevail against them, so that they may never do anything in the slightest degree unworthy of their sublime. . . .' His eyes raced through the prayer and out of the window. . . .

He was suddenly inspired to write another letter to the Archbishop. He sat down at his desk, slipped a piece of paper into his portable, dated it with the saint's day it was, and wrote, 'Your Excellency: Thinking my letter of some months ago may have gone amiss, or perhaps due to the press of business——' He ripped the paper from the portable and typed the same thing on a fresh sheet until he came to 'business', using instead 'affairs of the Church'. He went on to signify—it was considered all right to 'signify', but to re-signify?—that he was still of the humble opinion that he needed a change of location and had decided, since he believed himself ready for a parish of his own, a rural one might be best, all things considered (by which he meant easier to get). He, unlike some priests of urban upbringing and experience, would have no objection to the country. He begged to be graced with an early reply. That line, for all its seeming docility, was full of dynamite and ought to break the episcopal silence into which the first letter had dissolved. This was a much stronger job. He thought it better for two reasons: the Archbishop was supposed to like outspoken people, or, that being only more propaganda talked up by the sycophants, then it ought to bring a reply which would reveal once and for all his prospects. Long overdue for the routine promotion, he had a just cause. He addressed the letter

and placed it in his coat. He went to the bathroom. When he came back he put on the coat, picked up the suede jacket and helmet, looked around for something he might have forgot, a book of chances, a box of Sunday envelopes to be delivered, some copy for the printer, but there was nothing. He lit a cigarette at the door and not caring to throw the match on the floor or look for the ashtray, which was out of sight again, he dropped it in the empty holy-water font.

Downstairs he paused at the telephone in the hall, scribbled 'Airport' on the message pad, thought of crossing it out or tearing off the page, but since it was dated he let it stand and added 'Visiting the sick', signing his initials, *E. B.*

He went through the wicker basket for mail. A card from the Book-of-the-Month Club. So it was going to be another war book selection this month. Well, they knew what they could do with it. He wished the Club would wake up and select some dandies, as they had in the past. He thought of *Studs Lonigan*—there was a book, the best thing since the Bible.

An oblique curve in the road: perfect, wheels parallel with the centre line. So many drivers took a curve like that way over on the other fellow's side. Father Burner touched the lighter on the dashboard to his cigarette and plunged his hands deeper into the cushions. A cloud of smoke whirled about the little Saint Christopher garotted from the ceiling. Father Burner tugged viciously at both knees, loosening the binding black cloth, easing the seat. Now that he was in open country he wanted to enjoy the scenery—God's majesty. How about a sermon that would liken the things in the landscape to the people in a church? All different, all the same, the handiwork of God. Moral: it is right and meet for rocks to be rocks, trees to be trees, pigs to be pigs, but—and here the small gesture that says so much—what did that mean that men, created in the image and likeness of God, should be? And what—He thrust the sermon out of mind, tired of it. He relaxed, as before an open fireplace, the weight of dogma off his shoulders. Then he grabbed at his knees again, cursing. Did the tailor skimp on the cloth because of the ecclesiastical discount?

A billboard inquired: 'Pimples?' Yes, he had a few, but he blamed them on the climate, the humidity. Awfully hard for a priest to transfer out of a diocese. He remembered the plan he had

never gone through with. Would it work after all? Would another doctor recommend a change? Why? He would only want to know why, like the last bastard. Just a slight case of obesity, Reverend. Knew he was a non-Catholic when he said Reverend. Couldn't trust a Catholic one. Some of them were thicker than thieves with the clergy. Wouldn't want to be known as a malingerer, along with everything else.

Another billboard: 'Need Cash? See T. N. T.'

Rain. He knew it. No flying for him today. One more day between him and a pilot's licence. Thirteen hours yet and it might have been twelve. Raining so, and with no flying, the world seemed to him . . . a valley of tears. He would drive on past the airport for a hamburger. If he had known, he would have brought along one of the eighth-grade boys. They were always bragging among themselves about how many he had bought them, keeping score. One of them, the Cannon kid, had got too serious from the hamburgers. When he said he was 'contemplating the priesthood' Father Burner, wanting to spare him the terrible thing a false vocation could be, had told him to take up aviation instead. He could not forget the boy's reply: *But couldn't I be a priest like you, Father?*

On the other hand, he was glad to be out driving alone. Never had got the bang out of playing with the kids a priest in this country was supposed to. The failure of the Tom Playfair tradition. He hated most sports. Ed Desmond was a sight at a ball game. Running up and down the base lines, giving the umpires hell, busting all the buttons off his cassock. Assumption rectory smelled like a locker room from all the equipment. Poor Ed.

The rain drummed on the engine hood. The windshield wiper sliced back and forth, reminding him a little of a guillotine. Yes, if he had to, he would die for the Faith.

From here to the hamburger place it was asphalt and slicker than concrete. Careful. Slick. Asphalt. Remembered . . . Quinlan coming into his room one afternoon last winter when it was snowing—the idiot—prating:

*Here were decent godless people:  
Their only monument the asphalt road  
And a thousand lost golf balls . . .*

That was Quinlan for you, always spouting against the status quo without having anything better to offer. Told him that. Told him

golfers, funny as it might seem to some people, have souls and who's to save them? John Bosco worked wonders in taverns, which was not to say Father Burner thought he was a saint, but rather only that he was not too proud to meet souls halfway wherever it might be, in the confessional or on the fairways. Saint Ernest Burner, Help of Golfers, Pray for Us! (Quinlan's come-back.) Quinlan gave him a pain. Keefe, now that he knew what he was like, ditto. Non-smokers. Jansenists. First fervour is false fervour. They would cool. He would not judge them, however.

He slowed down and executed a sweeping turn into the parking lot reserved for patrons of the hamburger. He honked his horn his way, three shorts and a long—victory. She would see his car or know his honk and bring out two hamburgers, medium well, onions, pickle, relish, tomato, catsup—his way.

She came out now, carrying an umbrella, holding it ostensibly more over the hamburgers than herself. He took the tray from her. She waited dumbly, her eyes at a level with his collar.

'What's to drink?'

'We got pop, milk, coffee . . .' Here she faltered, as he knew she would; washing her hands of what recurrent revelation, rather than experience, told her was to follow.

'A nice cold bottle of beer.' Delivered of the fatal words, Father Burner bit into the smoking hamburger. The woman turned sorrowfully away. He put her down again for native Protestant stock.

When she returned, sheltering the bottle under the umbrella, Father Burner had to smile at her not letting pious scruples interfere with business, another fruit of the so-called Reformation. Watch that smile, he warned himself, or she'll take it for carnal. He received the bottle from her hands. For all his familiarity with the type, he was uneasy. Her lowered eyes informed him of his guilt.

Was he immoderate? Who on earth could say? *In dubiis libertas*, not? He recalled his first church supper at Saint Patrick's, a mother bringing her child to the Dean's table. She's going to be confirmed next month, Monsignor. Indeed? Then tell me, young lady, what are the seven capital sins? Pride, Covetousness . . . Lust, Anger. Uh. The child's mother, one of those tough Irish females built like a robin, worried to death, lips silently forming the other sins

for her daughter. Go ahead, dear. Envy. Proceed, child. Yes, Monsignor. Uh . . . Sloth. To be sure. That's six. One more. And . . . uh. Fear of the Lord, perhaps? Meekness? Hey, Monsignor, ain't them the Divine Counsels! The Dean, smiling, looking at Father Burner's plate, covered with chicken bones, at his stomach, fighting the vest, and for a second into the child's eyes, slipping her the seventh sin. *Gluttony*, Monsignor! The Dean gave her a coin for her trouble and she stood awkwardly in front of Father Burner, lingering, twisting her gaze from his plate to his stomach, to his eyes, finally quacking, Oh Fawther!

Now he began to brood upon his failure as a priest. There was no sense in applying the consolations of an anchorite to himself. He wanted to know one thing: when would he get a parish? When would he make the great metamorphosis from assistant to pastor, from mouse to rat, as the saying went? He was forty-three, four times transferred, seventeen years an ordained priest, a curate yet and only. He was the only one of his class still without a parish. The only one . . . and in his pocket, three days unopened, was another letter from his mother, kept waiting all these years, who was to have been his housekeeper. He could not bear to warm up her expectations again.

Be a chaplain? That would take him away from it all and there was the possibility of meeting a remote and glorious death carrying the Holy Eucharist to a dying soldier. It would take something like that to make him come out even, but then that, too, he knew in a corner of his heart, would be only exterior justification for him, a last bid for public approbation, a short cut to nothing. And the chaplain's job, it was whispered, could be an ordeal both ignominious and tragic. It would be just his luck to draw an assignment in a rehabilitation centre, racking pool balls and repairing ping-pong bats for the boys—the apostolic game-room attendant and toastmaster. Sure, Sarge, I'll lay you even money the Sox make it three straight in Philly and spot you a run a game to boot. You win, I lose a carton of Chesters—I win, you go to Mass every day for a week! Hard-headed holiness. . . .

There was the painful matter of the appointment to Saint Patrick's. The Dean, an irremovable pastor, and the Archbishop had argued over funds and the cemetery association. And the Archbishop, losing though he won, took his revenge, it was

rumoured, by appointing Father Burner as the Dean's assistant. It was their second encounter. In the first days of his succession, the Archbishop heard that the Dean always said a green Mass on Saint Patrick's Day, thus setting the rubrics at naught. Furious, he summoned the Dean into his presence, but stymied by the total strangeness of him and his great age, he had talked of something else. The Dean took a different view of his narrow escape, which is what the chancery office gossips called it, and now every year, on repeating the error, he would say to the uneasy nuns, 'Sure and nobody ever crashed the gates of hell for the wearing of the green'. (Otherwise it was not often he did something to delight the hearts of the professional Irish.)

In the Dean's presence Father Burner often had the sensation of confusion, a feeling that someone besides them stood listening in the room. To free himself he would say things he neither meant nor believed. The Dean would take the other side and then . . . there they were again. The Dean's position in these bouts was roughly that of the old saints famous for their faculty of smelling sins and Father Burner played the role of the one smelled. It was no contest. If the Archbishop could find no words for the Dean there was nothing he might do. He might continue to peck away at a few stray foibles behind the Dean's back. He might point out how familiar the Dean was with the Protestant clergy about town. He did. It suited his occasional orthodoxy (reserved mostly to confound his critics and others much worse, like Quinlan, whom he suspected of having him under observation for humorous purposes) to disapprove of all such questionable ties, as though the Dean were entertaining heresy, or at least felt kindly toward this new 'interfaith' nonsense so dear to the reformed Jews and fresh-water sects. It was very small game, however. And the merest brush with the Dean might bring any one of a hundred embarrassing occasions back to life, and it was easy for him to burn all over again.

When he got his darkroom rigged up in the rectory the Dean had come snooping around and inquired without staying for an answer if the making of tin-types demanded that a man shun the light to the extent Father Burner appeared to. Now and again, hearkening back to this episode, the Dean referred to him as the Prince of Darkness. It did not end there. The title caught on all over the diocese. It was not the only one he had.

In reviewing a new historical work for a national Catholic magazine, he had attempted to get back at two Jesuits he knew in town, calling attention to certain tendencies—he meant nothing so gross as ‘order pride’—which, if not necessarily characteristic of any religious congregation within the Church, were still too often to be seen in any long view of history (which the book at hand did not pretend to take), and whereas the secular clergy, *per se*, had much to answer for, was it not true, though certainly not through any superior virtue, nor even as a consequence of their secularity—indeed, he would be a fool to dream that such orders as those founded, for instance, by Saint Benedict, Saint Francis, and Saint Dominic (Saint Ignatius was not instanced) were without their places in the heart of the Church, even today, when perhaps . . .

Anyway ‘secular’ turned up once as ‘circular’ in the review. The local Jesuits, writing in to the magazine as a group of innocent bystanders, made many subtle plays upon the unfortunate ‘circular’ and its possible application to the person of the reviewer (their absolute unfamiliarity with the reviewer, they explained, enabled them to indulge in such conceivably dangerous whimsey). But the direction of his utterances, they thought, seemed clear, and they regretted more than they could say that the editors of an otherwise distinguished journal had found space for them, especially in wartime, or perhaps they did not rightly comprehend the course—was it something new?—set upon by the editors and if so . . .

So Father Burner was also known as ‘the circular priest’ and he had not reviewed anything since for that magazine.

The mark of the true priest was heavy on the Dean. The mark was on Quinlan; it was on Keefe. It was on every priest he could think of, including a few on the bum, and his good friend and bad companion, Father Desmond. But it was not on him, not properly. They, the others, were stained with it beyond all disguise or disfigurement—indelibly, as indeed Holy Orders by its sacramental nature must stain, for keeps in this world and the one to come. ‘Thou art a priest for ever.’ With him, however, it was something else and less, a mask or badge which he could and did remove at will, a temporal part to be played, almost only a doctor’s or lawyer’s. They, the others, would be lost in any persecution. The mark would doom them. But he, if that *dies irae* ever came—and



it was every plump seminarian's apple-cheeked dream—could pass as the most harmless and useful of humans, a mail-man, a bus rider, a husband. But would he? No. They would see. I, he would say, appearing unsought before the judging rabble, am a priest, of the order of Melchizedech. Take me. I am ready. *Deo gratias.*

Father Burner got out the money to pay and honked his horn. The woman, coming for the bottle and tray, took his money without acknowledging the tip. She stood aside, the bottle held gingerly between offended fingers, final illustration of her lambishness, and watched him drive away. Father Burner, applying a cloven foot to the pedal, gave it the gas. He sensed the woman hoping in her simple heart to see him wreck the car and meet instant death in an unpostponed act of God.

Under the steady influence of his stomach thrust against the wheel, the car proceeded while he searched himself for a cigarette. He passed a hitch-hiker, saw him fade out of view in the mirror overhead, gesticulate wetly in the distance. Was the son of a gun thumbing his nose? Anticlericalism. But pray that your flight be not in the winter . . . No, wrong text: he would not run away.

The road skirted a tourist village. He wondered who stayed in those places and seemed to remember a story in one of the religious scandal sheets . . . **ILLCIT LOVE** in steaming red type.

A billboard cried out, 'Get in the scrap and—get in the scrap!' Some of this advertising, he thought, was pretty slick. Put out probably by big New York and Chicago agencies with crack men on their staffs, fellows who had studied at *Time*. How would it be to write advertising? He knew a few things about layout and type faces from editing the parish paper. He had read somewhere about the best men of our time being in advertising, the air corps of business. There was room for better taste in the Catholic magazines, for someone with a name in the secular field to step in and drive out the money-changers with their trusses, corn cures, non-tangle rosary beads, and crosses that glow in the dark. It was a thought.

Coming into the city limits, he glanced at his watch, but neglected to notice the time. The new gold strap got his eye. The watch itself, a priceless pyx, held the hour (time is money) sacred, like a host. He had chosen it for an ordination gift rather than the

usual chalice. It took the kind of courage he had to go against the grain there.

'I'm a dirty stinker!' Father Desmond flung his arms out hard against the mattress. His fists opened on the sheet, hungry for the spikes, meek and ready. 'I'm a dirty stinker, Ernest!'

Father Burner, seated deep in a red leather chair at the sick man's bedside, crossed his legs forcefully. 'Now don't take on so, Father.'

'Don't call me "Father"!' Father Desmond's eyes fluttered open momentarily, but closed again on the reality of it all. 'I don't deserve it. I'm a disgrace to the priesthood! I am not worthy! Lord, Lord, I am not worthy!'

A nurse entered and stuck a thermometer in Father Desmond's mouth.

Father Burner smiled at the nurse. He lit a cigarette and wondered if she understood. The chart probably bore the diagnosis 'pneumonia', but if she had been a nurse very long she would know all about that. She released Father Desmond's wrist and recorded his pulse on her pad. She took the thermometer and left the room.

Father Desmond surged up in bed and flopped, turning with a wrench of the covers, on his stomach. He lay gasping like a fish out of water. Father Burner could smell it on his breath yet.

'Do you want to go to confession?'

'No! I'm not ready for it. I want to remember this time!'

'Oh, all right.' It was funny, if a little tiresome, the way the Irish could exaggerate a situation. They all had access to the same two or three emotions. They all played the same battered barrel organ handed down through generations. Dying, fighting, talking, drinking, praying . . . wakes, wars, politics, pubs, church. The fates were decimated and hamstrung among them. They loved monotony.

Father Desmond, doing the poor soul uttering his last words in italics, said: 'We make too good a thing out of confession, Ernest! Ever think of that, Ernest?' He wagged a nicotined finger. Some of his self-contempt seemed to overshoot its mark and include Father Burner.

Father Burner honked his lips—*plutt!* 'Hire a hall, Ed.'

Father Desmond clawed a rosary out from under his pillow.

Father Burner left.

He put the car in the garage. On the way to his room he passed voices in the Dean's office.

'Father Burner!' the Dean called through the door.

Father Burner stayed in the hallway, only peeping in, indicating numerous commitments elsewhere. Quinlan and Keefe were with the Dean.

'Apparently, Father, you failed to kill yourself.' Then, for Keefe, the Dean said, 'Father Burner fulfils the dream of the American hierarchy and the principle of historical localization. He's been up in his flying machine all morning.'

'I didn't go up.' Sullenness came and went in his voice. 'It rained.' He shuffled one foot, about to leave, when the Dean's left eyebrow wriggled up, warning, holding him.

'I don't believe you've had the pleasure.' The Dean gave Keefe to Father Burner. 'Father Keefe, sir, went through school with Father Quinlan—from the grades through the priesthood.' The Dean described an arc with his breviary, dripping with ribbons, to show the passing years. Father Burner nodded.

'Well?' The Dean frowned at Father Burner. 'Has the cat got your tongue, sir? Why don't you be about greeting Father O'Keefe—or Keefe, is it?'

'Keefe,' Keefe said.

Father Burner, caught in the old amber of his inadequacy, stepped over and shook Keefe's hand once.

Quinlan stood by and let the drama play itself out.

Keefe, smiling a curious mixture more anxiety than amusement, said, 'It's a pleasure, Father.'

'Same here,' Father Burner said.

'Well, good day, sirs!' The Dean cracked open his breviary and began to read, lips twitching.

Father Burner waited for them in the hall. Before he could explain that he thought too much of the Dean not to humour him and that besides the old fool was out of his head, the Dean proclaimed after them, 'The Chancery phones, Father Burner. You will hear confessions there tonight. I suppose one of those Cathedral jokers lost his faculties.'

Yes, Father Burner knew, it was common procedure all right for the Archbishop to confer promotions by private interview, but every time a priest got called to the Cathedral it did not mean simply that. Many received sermons and it was most likely now

someone was needed to hear confessions. And still Father Burner, feeling his pocket, was glad he had not remembered to mail the letter. He would not bother to speak to Quinlan and Keefe now.

### III. NIGHT

‘And for your penance say five Our Fathers and five Hail Marys and pray for my intention. And now make a good act of contrition. *Misereatur tui omnipotens Deus dimissis peccatis tuis . . .*’ Father Burner swept out into the current of the prayer, stroking strongly in Latin, while the penitent, a miserable boy coming into puberty, paddled as fast as he could along the shore in English.

Finishing first, Father Burner waited for the boy to conclude. When, breathless, he did, Father Burner anointed the air and shot a whisper, ‘God bless you,’ kicking the window shut with the heel of his hand, ejecting the boy, an ear of corn shucked clean, into the world again. There was nobody on the other side of the confessional, so Father Burner turned on the signal light. A big spider drowsy in his web, drugged with heat and sins, he sat waiting for the next one to be hurled into his presence by guilt ruddy ripe, as with the boy, or, as with the old ladies who come early and try to stay late, by the spiritual famine of their lives or simply the desire to tell secrets in the dark.

He held his wrist in such a way as to see the sweat gleaming in the hairs. He looked at his watch. He had been at it since seven and now it was after nine. If there were no more kneeling in his section of the Cathedral at 9.30 he could close up and have a cigarette. He was too weary to read his office, though he had the Little Hours, Vespers, and Compline still to go. It was the last minutes in the confessional that got him—the insensible end of the excursion that begins with so many sinewy sensations and good intentions to look sharp at the landscape. In the last minutes how many priests, would-be surgeons of the soul, ended as blacksmiths, hammering out absolution anyway?

A few of the Cathedral familiars still drifted around the floor. They were day and night in the shadows praying. Meeting one of them, Father Burner always wanted to get away. They were collectors of priests’ blessings in a day when most priests felt ashamed to raise their hands to God outside the ceremonies. Their

respect for a priest was fanatic, that of the unwordly, the martyrs, for an emissary of heaven. They were so desperately disposed to death that the manner of dying was their greatest concern. But Father Burner had an idea there were more dull pretenders than saints among them. They inspired no unearthly feelings in him, as true sanctity was supposed to, and he felt it was all right not to like them. They spoke of God, the Blessed Virgin, of miracles, cures, and visitations, as of people and items in the news, which was annoying. The Cathedral, because of its location, described by brokers as exclusive, was not so much frequented by these wretches as it would have been if more convenient to the slums. But nevertheless a few came there, like the diarrhoeic pigeons, also a scandal to the neighbourhood, and would not go away. Father Burner, from his glancing contact with them, had concluded that body odour is the real odour of sanctity.

Through the grating now Father Burner saw the young Vicar General stop a little distance up the aisle and speak to a couple of people who were possible prospects for Father Burner. 'Anyone desiring to go to confession should do so at once. In a few minutes the priests will be gone from the confessionals.' He crossed to the other side of the Cathedral.

Father Burner did not like to compare his career with the Vicar General's. The Archbishop had taken the Vicar General, a younger man than Father Burner by at least fifteen years, direct from the seminary. After a period of trial as Chancellor, he was raised to his present eminence—for reasons much pondered by the clergy and more difficult to discern than those obviously accounted for by intelligence, appearance, and, post factum, the loyalty consequent upon his selection over many older and possibly abler men. It was a medieval act of preference, a slap in the face to the monsignori, a rebuke to the principle of advancement by years applied elsewhere. The Vicar General had the quality of inscrutability in an ideal measure. He did not seem at all given to gossip or conspiracy or even to that owlish secrecy peculiar to secretaries and so exasperating to others. He had possibly no enemies and certainly no intimates. In time he would be a bishop unless, as was breathed wherever the Cloth gathered over food and drink, he really was 'troubled with sanctity', which might lead to anything else, the cloister or insanity.

The Vicar General appeared at the door of Father Burner's

compartment. 'The Archbishop will see you, Father, before you leave tonight.' He went up the aisle, genuflected before the main altar, opened as a gate one of the host of brass angels surrounding the sanctuary, and entered the sacristies.

Before he would let hope have its way with him, Father Burner sought to recast the expression on the Vicar General's face. He could recall nothing significant. Very probably there had been nothing to see. Then, with a rush, he permitted himself to think this was his lucky day. Already he was formulating the way he would let the news out, providing he decided not to keep it a secret for a time. He might do that. It would be delicious to go about his business until the very last minute, to savour the old aggravations and feel none of the sting, to receive the old quips and smiles with good grace and know them to be toothless. The news, once out, would fly through the diocese. Hear about Burner at Saint Pat's, Tom? Finally landed himself a parish. Yeah, I just had it from McKenna. So I guess the A. B. wasn't so sore at the Round One after all. Well, he's just ornery enough to make a go of it.

Father Burner, earlier in the evening, had smoked a cigarette with one of the young priests attached to the Cathedral (a class-mate of Quinlan's but not half the prig), stalling, hoping someone would come and say the Archbishop wanted to see him. When nothing happened except the usual small talk and introductions to a couple of missionaries stopping over, he had given up hope easily. He had seen the basis for his expectations as folly once more. It did not bother him after the fact was certain. He was amenable to any kind of finality. He had a light heart for a Ger—an American of German descent. And his hopes rose higher each time and with less cause. He was a ball that bounced up only. He had kept faith. And now—his just reward.

A little surprised he had not thought of her first, he admitted his mother into the new order of things. He wanted to open the letter from her, still in his coat, and late as it was send her a wire, which would do her more good than a night's sleep. He thought of himself back in her kitchen, home from the sem for the holidays, a bruiser in a tight black suit, his feet heavy on the oven door. She was fussing at the stove and he was promising her a porcelain one as big as a house after he got his parish. But he let her know, kidding on the square, that he would be running things at the

rectory. It would not be the old story of the priest taking orders from his housekeeper, even if she was his mother (seminarians, from winter evenings of shooting the bull, knew only too well the pitfalls of parish life), or as with Ed Desmond a few years ago when his father was still living with him, the old man losing his marbles one by one, butting in when people came for advice and instructions, finally coming to believe he was the one to say Mass in his son's absence—no need to get a strange priest in—and sneaking into the box to hear confessions the day before they took him away.

He would be gentle with his mother, however, even if she talked too much, as he recalled she did the last time he saw her. She was well-preserved and strong for her age and ought to be able to keep the house up. Once involved in the social life of the parish she could be a valuable agent in coping with any lay opposition, which was too often the case when a new priest took over.

He resolved to show no nervousness before the Archbishop. A trifle surprised, yes—the Archbishop must have his due—but not overly affected by good fortune. If questioned, he would display a lot of easy confidence not unaccompanied by a touch of humility, a phrase or two like 'God willing' or 'with the help of Almighty God and your prayers, Your Excellency.' He would also not forget to look the part—reliable, casual, cool, an iceberg, only the tip of his true worth showing.

At precisely 9.30 Father Burner picked up his breviary and backed out of the stall. But then there was the scuff of a foot and the tap of one of the confessional doors closing and then, to tell him the last penitent was a woman, the scent of apple blossoms. He turned off the light, saying 'Damn!' to himself, and sat down again inside. He threw back the partition and led off, 'Yes?' He placed his hand alongside his head and listened, looking down into the deeper darkness of his cassock sleeve.

'I . . .'

'Yes?' At the heart of the apple blossoms another scent bloomed: gin and vermouth.

'Bless me, Father, I . . . have sinned.'

Father Burner knew this kind. They would always wait until the last moment. How they managed to get themselves into church at all, and then into the confessional, was a mystery.



Sometimes liquor thawed them out. This one was evidently young, nubile. He had a feeling it was going to be adultery. He guessed it was up to him to get her under way.

'How long since your last confession?'

'I don't know . . .'

'Have you been away from the Church?'

'Yes.'

'Are you married?'

'Yes.'

'To a Catholic?'

'No.'

'Protestant?'

'No.'

'Jew?'

'No.'

'Atheist?'

'No—nothing.'

'Were you married by a priest?'

'Yes.'

'How long ago was that?'

'Four years.'

'Any children?'

'No.'

'Practise birth control?'

'Yes, sometimes.'

'Don't you know it's a crime against nature and the Church forbids it?'

'Yes.'

'Don't you know that France fell because of birth control?'

'No.'

'Well, it did. Was it your husband's fault?'

'You mean—the birth control?'

'Yes.'

'Not wholly.'

'And you've been away from the Church ever since your marriage?'

'Yes.'

'Now you see why the Church is against mixed marriages. All right, go on. What else?'

'I don't know . . .'

'Is that what you came to confess?'

'No. Yes. I'm sorry, I'm afraid that's all.'

'Do you have a problem?'

'I think that's all, Father.'

'Remember, it is your obligation, and not mine, to examine your conscience. The task of instructing persons with regard to these delicate matters—I refer to the connubial relationship—is not an easy one. Nevertheless, since there is a grave obligation imposed by God, it cannot be shirked. If you have a problem—'

'I don't have a *problem*.'

'Remember, God never commands what is impossible and so if you make use of the sacraments regularly you have every reason to be confident that you will be able to overcome this evil successfully, with His help. I hope this is all clear to you.'

'All clear.'

'Then if you are heartily sorry for your sins, for your penance say the rosary daily for one week and remember it is the law of the Church that you attend Mass on Sundays and holy days and receive the sacraments at least once a year. It's better to receive them often. Ask your pastor about birth control if it's still not clear to you. Or read a Catholic book on the subject. And now make a good act of contrition . . .'

Father Burner climbed the three flights of narrow stairs. He waited a moment in silence, catching his breath. He knocked on the door and was suddenly afraid its density prevented him from being heard and that he might be found standing there like a fool or a spy. But to knock again, if heard the first time, would seem importunate.

'Come in, Father.'

At the other end of the long study the Archbishop sat behind an ebony desk. Father Burner waited before him as though expected not to be asked to sit down. The only light in the room, a lamp on the desk, was so set that it kept the Archbishop's face in the dark, fell with a gentle sparkle upon his pectoral cross, and was absorbed all around by the fabric of the piped cloth he wore. Father Burner's eyes came to rest upon the Archbishop's freckled hand—ringed, square, and healthy.

'Be seated, Father.'

'Thank you, Your Excellency.'

'Oh, sit in this chair, Father.' There were two chairs. Father Burner changed to the soft one. He had a suspicion that in choosing the other one he had fallen into a silly trap, that it was a game the Archbishop played with his visitors: the innocent ones, seeing no issue, would take the soft chair, because handier; the guilty would go a step out of their way to take the hard one. 'I called Saint Patrick's this morning, Father, but you were . . . out.'

'I was visiting Father Desmond, Your Excellency.'

'Father Desmond . . .'

'He's in the hospital.'

'I know. Friend of his, are you, Father?'

'No, Your Excellency. Well'—Father Burner waited for the cock to crow the third time—'yes, I *know* the man.' At once he regretted the scriptural complexion of the words and wondered if it were possible for the Archbishop not to be thinking of the earlier betrayal.

'It was good of you to visit Father Desmond, especially since you are not close to him. I hope he is better, Father.'

'He is, Your Excellency.'

The Archbishop got up and went across the room to a cabinet. 'Will you have a little glass of wine, Father?'

'No. No, thanks, Your Excellency.' Immediately he realized it could be another trap and, if so, he was caught again.

'Then I'll have a drop . . . *solus*.' The Archbishop poured a glass and brought it back to the desk. 'A little wine for the stomach's sake, Father.'

Father Burner, not sure what he was expected to say to that, nodded gravely and said, 'Yes, Your Excellency'. He had seen that the Archbishop wore carpet slippers and that they had holes in both toes.

'But perhaps you've read Saint Bernard, Father, and recall where he says we priests remember well enough the apostolic counsel to use wine, but overlook the adjective "little".'

'I must confess I haven't read Saint Bernard lately, Your Excellency.' Father Burner believed this was somehow in his favour. 'Since seminary, in fact.'

'Not all priests, Father, have need of him. A hard saint . . . for hardened sinners. What is your estimate of Saint Paul?'

Father Burner felt familiar ground under his feet at last. There

were the Pauline and Petrine factions—a futile business, he thought—but he knew where the Archbishop stood and exclaimed, ‘One of the greatest—’

‘Really! So many young men today consider him . . . a bore. It’s always the deep-breathing ones, I notice. They say he cuts it too fine.’

‘I’ve never thought so, Your Excellency.’

‘Indeed? Well, it’s a question I like to ask my priests. Perhaps you knew that.’

‘No, I didn’t, Your Excellency.’

‘So much the better then . . . but I see you appraising the melodeon, Father. Are you musical?’

‘Not at all, Your Excellency. Violin lessons as a child.’ Father Burner laughed quickly, as though it were nothing.

‘But you didn’t go on with them?’

‘No, Your Excellency.’ He did not mean it to sound as sad as it came out.

‘What a pity.’

‘No great loss, Your Excellency.’

‘You are too . . . modest, Father. But perhaps the violin was not your instrument.’

‘I guess it wasn’t, Your Excellency.’ Father Burner laughed out too loud.

‘And you have the choir at Saint Patrick’s, Father?’

‘Not this year, Your Excellency. Father Quinlan has it.’

‘Now I recall . . .’

‘Yes.’ So far as he was concerned—and there were plenty of others who thought so, too—Quinlan had played hell with the choir, canning all the women, some of them members for fifteen and twenty years, a couple even longer and practically living for it, and none of them as bad as Quinlan said. The liturgical stuff that Quinlan tried to pull off was all right in monasteries, where they had the time to train for it, but in a parish it sounded stodgy to ears used to the radio and split up the activity along sexual lines, which was really old hat in the modern world. The Dean liked it though. He called it ‘honest’ and eulogized the men from the pulpit—not a sign that he heard how they brayed and whined and just gave out or failed to start—and each time it happened ladies in the congregation were sick and upset for days afterward, for he inevitably ended by attacking women, pants, cocktails,

communism, cigarettes, and running around half naked. The women looked at the men in the choir, all pretty in surplices, and said to themselves they knew plenty about some of them and what they had done to some women.

‘He’s tried a little Gregorian, hasn’t he—Father Quinlan?’

‘Yes, Your Excellency,’ Father Burner said. ‘He has.’

‘Would you say it’s been a success—or perhaps I should ask you first if you care for Gregorian, Father.’

‘Oh, yes, Your Excellency. Very much.’

‘Many, I know, don’t . . . I’ve been told our chant sounds like a wild bull in a red barn or consumptives coughing into a bottle, but I will have it in the Cathedral, Father. Other places, I am aware, have done well with . . . light opera.’

Father Burner frowned.

‘We are told the people prefer and understand it. But at the risk of seeming reactionary, a fate my office prevents me from escaping in any event, I say we spend more time listening to the voice of the people than is good for either it or us. We have been too generous with our ears, Father. We have handed over our tongues also. When they are restored to us I wonder if we shall not find our ears more itching than before and our tongues more tied than ever.’

Father Burner nodded in the affirmative.

‘We are now entering the whale’s tail, Father. We must go back the way we came in.’ The Archbishop lifted the lid of the humidor on the desk. ‘Will you smoke, Father?’

‘No, thanks, Your Excellency.’

The Archbishop let the lid drop. ‘Today there are few saints, fewer sinners, and everybody is already saved. We are all heroes in search of an underdog. As for villains, the classic kind with no illusions about themselves, they are . . . extinct. The very devil, for instance—where the devil is the devil today, Father?’

Father Burner, as the Archbishop continued to look at him, bit his lips for the answer, secretly injured that he should be expected to know, bewildered even as the children he toyed with in catechism.

The Archbishop smiled, but Father Burner was not sure at what—whether at him or what had been said. ‘Did you see, Father, where our brother Bishop Buckles said Hitler remains the one power on earth against the Church?’

Yes, Father Burner remembered seeing it in the paper; it was the sort of thing that kept Quinlan talking for days. 'I did, Your Excellency.'

'Alas, poor Buckles! He's a better croquet player than that.' The Archbishop's hands unclasped suddenly and fell upon his memo pad. He tore off about a week and seemed to feel better for it. His hands, with no hint of violence about them now, came together again. 'We look hard to the right and left, Father. It is rather to the centre, I think, we should look—to ourselves, the devil in us.'

Father Burner knew the cue for humility when he heard it. 'Yes, Your Excellency.'

With his chubby fingers the Archbishop made a steeple that was more like a dome. His eyes were reading the memo. 'For instance, Father, I sometimes appear at banquets—when they can't line up a good foreign correspondent—banquets at which the poor are never present and at which I am unfailingly confronted by someone exceedingly well off who is moved to inform me that "religion" is a great consolation to him. Opium, rather, I always think, perhaps wrongfully and borrowing a word from one of our late competitors, which is most imprudent of me, a bishop.'

The Archbishop opened a drawer and drew out a sheet of paper and an envelope. 'Yes, the rich have souls,' he said softly, answering an imaginary objection which happened to be Father Burner's. 'But if Christ were really with them they would not be themselves—that is to say, rich.'

'Very true, Your Excellency,' Father Burner said.

The Archbishop faced sideways to use an old typewriter. 'And likewise, lest we forget, we would not be ourselves, that is to say—what? For we square the circle beautifully in almost every country on earth. We bring neither peace nor a sword. The rich give us money. We give them consolation and make of the eye of the needle a gate. Together we try to reduce the Church, the Bride of Christ, to a streetwalker.' The Archbishop rattled the paper, Father Burner's future, into place and rolled it crookedly into the typewriter. 'Unfortunately for us, it doesn't end there. The penance will not be shared so equitably. Your Christian name, Father, is——?'

'Ernest, Your Excellency.'

The Archbishop typed several words and stopped, looking over at Father Burner. 'I can't call to mind a single Saint Ernest, Father. Can you help me?'

'There were two, I believe, Your Excellency, but Butler leaves them out of his *Lives*.'

'They would be German saints, Father?'

'Yes, Your Excellency. There was one an abbot and the other an archbishop.'

'If Butler had been Irish, as the name has come to indicate, I'd say that's an Irishman for you, Father. He does not forget to include a power of Irish saints.' The Archbishop was Irish himself. Father Burner begged to differ with him, believing here was a wrong deliberately set up for him to right. 'I am not Irish myself, Your Excellency, but some of my best friends are.'

'Tut, tut, Father. Such tolerance will be the death of you.' The Archbishop, typing a few words, removed the paper, signed it and placed it in the envelope. He got up and took down a book from the shelves. He flipped it open, glanced through several pages and returned it to its place. 'No Ernests in Baring-Gould either. Well, Father, it looks as if you have a clear field.'

The Archbishop came from behind the desk and Father Burner, knowing the interview was over, rose. The Archbishop handed him the envelope. Father Burner stuffed it hastily in his pocket and knelt, the really important thing, to kiss the Archbishop's ring and receive his blessing. They walked together toward the door.

'Do you care for pictures, Father?'

'Oh, yes, Your Excellency.'

The Archbishop, touching him lightly on the arm, stopped before a reproduction of Raphael's Sistine Madonna. 'There is a good peasant woman, Father, and a nice fat baby.' Father Burner nodded his appreciation. 'She could be Our Blessed Mother, Father, though I doubt it. There is no question about the baby. He is not Christ.' The Archbishop moved to another picture. 'Rembrandt had the right idea, Father. See the gentleman pushing Christ up on the cross? That is Rembrandt, a self-portrait.' Father Burner thought of some of the stories about the Archbishop, that he slept on a cot, stood in line with the people sometimes to go to confession, that he fasted on alternate days the year round. Father Burner was thankful for such men as the Archbishop. 'But here is Christ, Father.' This time it was a glassy-eyed Christ whose



head lay against the rough wood of the cross he was carrying. 'That is Christ, Father. The Greek painted Our Saviour.'

The Archbishop opened the door for Father Burner, saying, 'And, Father, you will please not open the envelope until after your Mass tomorrow.'

Father Burner went swiftly down the stairs. Before he got into his car he looked up at the Cathedral. He could scarcely see the cross glowing on the dome. It seemed as far away as the stars. The cross needed a brighter light or the dome ought to be painted gold and lit up like the state capitol, so people would see it. He drove a couple of blocks down the street, pulled up to the curb, opened the envelope, which had not been sealed, and read: 'You will report on August 8 to the Reverend Michael Furlong, to begin your duties on that day as his assistant. I trust that in your new appointment you will find not peace but a sword.'

## CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD ON THE PLATEAU

### CUZCO . . TITICACA . . LA PAZ.

FROM Lima, in three hours, you can fly to Arequipa—nearly half the length of Peru. Even if you are nervous in planes, as I am, you will hardly hesitate to do this, for the alternative is about sixty hours in an overcrowded, overdriven bus, with sand in your mouth, eyes and hair, and the dubious prospect of meals at dirty inns along the road. The coast of Peru is almost entirely desert, broken occasionally by narrow green valleys which follow the straggling course of a river. From above, the landscape looks like crusty yellow bread, with round loaf-shaped hills dimpled as if by the print of a cook's thumb. On your left, the sheer wall of the Andes towers up, black and forbidding, with its jagged snow-peaks; on your right is the soft grey emptiness of the Pacific, the silent water-hemisphere beyond the limits of the human world. Poised between these three barren immensities—mountain, desert and ocean—the droning plane seems tiny as an insect. Now and then it is tossed insecurely by the hot uprush of air from a gully. Even on a bright fine morning nature feels hostile here. I never

quite relaxed until the first good earthy bump of the landing-gear on Arequipa's stony airfield.

Arequipa is one of the very few places we visited in South America which I can recommend without reservations. It is beautiful, of course—looking down from the top of its steep valley, under the three tall mountains. It has an adequate number of Spanish Baroque churches. Its streets are clean, its gardens full of flowers, its climate excellent. But these features are not the sum of its charm. There is something delightful in the atmosphere, something soothing yet stimulating, which immediately invites you to stay, to settle down, to work. Along this coast, it seems, you are always too high or too low, either stunned with heat and sloth or tense with altitude and jitters; here, for the first time in weeks, I felt just normally conscious.

'Of course,' said our friends in Lima, 'you'll stop at the Quinta Bates. You can't come to Peru and not meet Tia. She's the most famous woman in South America. If she likes you, she'll do anything for you. If she doesn't—well, she'll have you out of the place in twenty-four hours.' We followed their advice, not without misgivings—for I dread 'characters'—and did not regret it. Mrs. Bates is much nicer and more interesting than her legend. Now a majestic old lady in her advanced eighties, she greets you with the informal graciousness of acknowledged royalty: 'Where are you from, son? All right—make yourself at home. Ask the boys for anything you want.' Her house is like her personality—spacious, rambling, old-fashioned, comfortable in the style of the Edwardian epoch. Our beds were turned down every evening, and there were silk eiderdowns on them. The rooms are supplied with fleecy pre-war towels, pen and ink and writing-paper, proper waste-baskets, and novels by Edith Wharton. No wonder Noel Coward could write a play here. No wonder that Tia's visitor's book has been signed by General Pershing, Henry Wallace and the Prince of Wales.

Tia has spent most of her adult lifetime in Peru. As a girl from upstate New York, she married an Englishman, and followed him to a mining-camp in the High Andes, where he died. Later, she settled in Arequipa and became, in course of time, not only a great-grandmother but also an 'honorary aunt' to hundreds of guests who still send her letters from the corners of the earth. She is alleged, I don't know how truly, to be the real boss of the city.

'They're all afraid of me,' she told us: 'That's because I've got them bluffed. I'm afraid of *them*.' The morning after our arrival, we saw her in action. A man, comparatively well-dressed and rather drunk, stumbled into the sitting-room and fell on his knees before her. 'Mother! Mummy! Three days I eat nothing! Mother! Give me bread!' 'Get up,' Tia told him severely, neither impressed nor alarmed: 'Don't lose your dignity like that, son, for heaven's sake!' Then, fishing in her purse for money: 'Here—take it. It's the widow's mite. Now be off with you!'

From Arequipa, the railway runs up the mountains and across the *puna*, the 12,000-foot-high plateau which includes Lake Titicaca and extends far into Bolivia. It is flat, open country, covered with rough bright green grass and dotted with small ponds and marshes. When the sun shines, it has a spacious, spring-like air. When the clouds gather, it seems unspeakably mournful. Bitter gusts sweep across it from the snowfields of the great mountains—mere hills from this elevation, rising beyond the rim of the plain. Perhaps this landscape rather resembles Tibet.

Up here, you become overwhelmingly aware of the presence of the Indians. Despite conquest and expropriation, the *puna* is still their native land; and you are approaching Cuzco, the old capital of the Inca empire. Neither rulers now nor servants, they form an undigested mass in the stomach of the body politic. Are they sullenly resigned, obstinately rebellious, or merely indifferent? No one seems really to understand them—not even the regional novelists, or the Communist agitators, or the Protestant missionaries who somehow persuade them to stop getting drunk, to wash and to put windows in the walls of their adobe huts. Many people regard them as mere animals. Some find them unusually intelligent and are sure that they would take quickly to modern education. But do they want to be educated? Do they want to co-operate in the national economy? Or are they simply waiting, quietly and without impatience, for the white men to go away?

Beyond Juliaca, where a line branches off toward Cuzco, you see them, singly or in groups, all over the plain. Some are working on patches of arable land; others watch their herds of cows, sheep, llamas and vicuñas. In the extraordinary clarity of the atmosphere, every living figure seems significant and dramatic, and the skirts of the Indian women, brilliant pink, deep orange or red, are visible as sharp spots of colour even in the farthest distance. There

is a station called Pucará where they sell pottery. Like most Indian crafts, this is strictly regional, and you have to seize your opportunity quickly, for the train only stops a few minutes. We scrambled back on board clutching several garlanded bulls, and a beautiful yellow horse whose design was oddly Chinese.

The train climbs slowly to a watershed at La Raya. Two streams part here, flowing in opposite directions—one to join the Amazon, the other to fall into the Pacific Ocean, via Lake Titicaca. It is unpleasantly high—over 14,000 feet—and even while sitting still in the coach you are apt to get a headache or feel slightly sick. As the descent begins, the valley closes in and becomes more fertile. It has been cultivated for hundreds of years, long before the Spanish conquest; you can still see the Incaic fields, terraced and sided with masonry, climbing the mountain slopes like stairs. Boys came capering up to the train, waving their arms and shouting; they wore black woollen masks with long sinister hanging noses and eyeholes outlined in scarlet thread. At one of the stations, we watched a tall thin Indian youth creep up and stealthily pin a tuft of vicuña wool to the seat of his friend's pants; this he did with the utmost gravity and care. Further down the platform, a tipsy little woman and a group of men were drinking *pisco*, the native brandy; she held the bottle to each man's lips in turn, as though she were feeding babies. These faces were strikingly like the faces you see on Inca pottery in the Lima museum; stern and dignified, or impudent and grotesque with a lively, energetic ugliness which is very pleasing. Nearby, a tethered bunch of llamas disregarded the noisy scene. They are the most disdainful of creatures, stepping delicately and capriciously, arching their aristocratic necks. If you go too near them, they give you a cold rude stare, draw back their upper lips and spit.

Cuzco, of course, is a live museum; an inhabited city preserved almost intact from the early days of Colonial Spain. The conquerors built upon the ruins of the conquered: their churches stand on the foundations of Incaic temples. In nearly all the streets you see layers of Inca masonry, cut with incredible precision and fitted together without mortar. On the hilltop above Cuzco, in the walls of the pre-Spanish fortress of Sacsahuaman, there are blocks of stone as big as pianos. How did the Indians move them? No one knows. Why did they move them? A much more interesting question, also without an answer. Every clue suggests a culture of

mass, of authority, order and obedience. A culture based upon natural law; materialistic, reasonable, and, within its graded social limits, strictly just. A mountain culture, solid and magnificent, yet somewhat sombre. Much ritual, little mysticism. Much gold, little elegance. Much feasting, little fun.

Present-day Cuzco is filthy. The narrow cobbled lanes stink like sewers, there are typhus-lice in the market, the courtyards are littered with garbage and the houses, so charmingly picturesque, are mostly quite unfit for human habitation. This raises a question: what on earth is to be done with a living historical monument? Evacuate it, and it hardens at once into a fossil. Modernize its interiors and its plumbing, and it will turn, more slowly but just as surely, into a self-conscious death-mask. And yet the alternative is unthinkable—to condemn thousands of people to a life of squalor and disease for the sake of the archaeologists and romantic tourists.

The tourists themselves are well taken care of, in one of the fine inexpensive Government hotels for which Peru is noted. Today, the majority of them are North American—middle-aged women school-teachers, mostly. Grimly devout, complaining but undaunted, they make their way over the Andes from Lima to Buenos Aires—gasping in the high altitudes, vomiting and terrified in planes, rattled like dice in buses, dragged out of bed before dawn to race along precipice-roads, poisoned with strange meats, tricked by shopkeepers, appalled by toilets.

Machu Picchu, about seventy miles north of Cuzco, is one of the principal stations on this great *via dolorosa*. Several excursions there are organized every week during the season, and the returning pilgrims limp into the lounge to boast of their hardships and scare the newcomers. 'Well—I wouldn't do *that* again for ten thousand dollars!' 'But the guide just laughed, and told me to hang on tight.' 'Muriel's mule was the meanest of the lot. It started to eat grass, *right on the edge*, and wouldn't budge.' 'When mine started to *skid*, I shut my eyes. I thought, oh boy, this is the *end*!'

Actually, Machu Picchu isn't as alarming as all that, though the descent can be unpleasant in wet weather when the steep mule-track is slippery. But what a breathtaking place! From the narrow saddleback on which the ruined city stands, the wooded precipices plunge headlong into the brown jungle river, hundreds of feet

below. Looking up makes you even giddier than looking down—for all around the gorge are sheer bergs of rock, enormous as fragments of a fallen moon. Perched on one of these, half hidden by the clouds, you glimpse the ruins of a fortress. What kind of men, or demons, could have chosen to build on such a site? You sense a grim megalomania here which is even more awe-inspiring than the scenery.

It is believed that the Virgins of the Sun may have been smuggled out of Cuzco and hidden up here at the time of the Conquest. If this is true, Machu Picchu certainly served its purpose as an Alpine Redoubt, for the Spaniards never even knew that it existed. The Virgins grew old and died in hiding, and for hundreds of years the place was probably abandoned. At last, in 1911, the archaeologist Hiram Bingham, following a devious trail of local rumours, found his way up to the citadel. Next year he returned with a party of assistants. Cutting through undergrowth and thick jungle vines, they gradually uncovered the great amphitheatre of terraces, the baths, the temples and the sacred sundial. And Machu Picchu was added to the known wonders of the world.

The Incas' gold has long since been looted, or lost, or locked away in museums, but Cuzco still has treasures to attract the collector. In private houses, you can sometimes find magnificent Spanish Colonial paintings and, occasionally, a *huacho*, one of those Incaic pots with faces which look like remote ancestors of the Toby Jug. The Peruvian Government has rightly forbidden these antiques to be exported from the country, but, unfortunately, this law has been developed by the local police into a racket. To my personal knowledge, there is at least one *agent provocateur*, a polite, charming boy who waylays foreign tourists, whispers that he can arrange a sale, and then, in due course, denounces them to the authorities, by whom they are heavily fined. He has an official licence, which I actually saw, to ply this dirty trade. I am only sorry that I cannot remember his name and print it here, as a warning to the unwise.

At night, Lake Titicaca is bitterly cold; but you cross it in a warm, comfortable British steamer about the size of a Channel boat. By dawn, you are nearing Guaqui, on the Bolivian shore, from which the railway takes you in a few hours to La Paz. If you prefer, you can drive right around the lake in a hired car. Perhaps

this is the better plan, because in this way you can see Copacabana en route. It is a lovely place, sheltered and sunny, with a kind of Italian charm; the hillsides are richly fertile, and the little coloured town lies along the edge of the dark blue water, under a conical volcanic hill. It has always been a centre of pilgrimage. The Incas used to embark here for the sacred Island of the Sun. Later, with the coming of Christianity, the town acquired a church and a miraculous Virgin which has grown famous throughout South America as the Virgin of the Lake.

We visited Copacabana at the beginning of February, for one of the several annual fiestas. Hundreds of Indians had come into town from villages all over the plateau, and, as the day wore on, more and more of them arrived, crammed into ancient groaning trucks. The square in front of the church had been lined with booths, and at two of its corners there were strange, gaudy bamboo structures hung with paper flowers, silver mugs and crossed spoons and forks. (The display of silver is a feature of every fiesta in the Bolivian highlands.) Beneath one of these structures a kind of altar had been set up, with tall gilt candlesticks, a white cloth, and a piece of red material on which coca leaves were spread. The Indians chew coca constantly throughout the day; it contains a very small amount of cocaine. I tried some myself, without result. Probably you need large quantities of it to give you any sensation.

And now the dancing began. Groups of musicians appeared, beating drums and playing pipes. They wore hats with plumes and embroidered jackets like bull-fighters. Behind them, couples formed and moved slowly around the square, taking small birdlike steps, very grave, almost courtly, sometimes joining hands and executing a figure-of-eight turn. The heavy little women, narrow-shouldered and wide-hipped, in their bowler hats, shawls and many swirling petticoats, seemed half-hypnotized by the rhythm of their own movements. Their broad perspiring faces were vacant and placid. Obviously, they could continue doing this for hours on end.

Much noisier and more lively were the bullfighting groups. The 'bulls' were played by masked men in three-cornered hats with long strands of false hair over their shoulders; they moved within contraptions of wood and cowhide which had bull's heads and real horns. The 'toreros' had whips and spurs, and were armed with wooden swords. The play was very rough. The toreros



would get rolled in the dust and viciously jabbed; and then one of the bulls would charge the crowd, scattering them in confusion.

There were also a few masked figures who operated quite independently, like harlequins—pinching the girls and grinning in the faces of the children. One of them, I remember, was dressed as a bright yellow lion, another as a cat. You noticed that even the adults were a little afraid of them. It was as if they embodied some sort of totemistic magic.

Perhaps the most attractive characteristic of this fiesta was its lack of barriers between sacred and profane. There was a perpetual going and coming between the church and the square; dancers, still sweating from their exertions, would enter the shrine and kneel for a few minutes before the Virgin, then they would come out to dance again. When night fell, the Calvary outside the west door was illuminated with coloured lights, and a picnic party formed around the feet of the three crosses. By this time nearly everybody was quite drunk. The square itself was in darkness, except for a row of dim candle-lanterns set along the church wall; we had to keep close together to avoid losing each other in the black labyrinth of the crowd. Overhead, the sky looked like a planetarium, with every constellation unnaturally distinct. For the first time, we saw the over-publicized Southern Cross, lying low over the roof-tops on its side, like a small kite.

Presently, there were rockets. The Indians soon got tired of firing them up into the air, and started aiming them at their friends on the other side of the square. The friends had rockets, too, and an alarming artillery duel developed until the ammunition ran out. By a miracle, no one was seriously hurt. After this, people began to roll themselves in their blankets and lie down in odd corners to sleep. But the night was not silent. Just as you were dozing, the hotel windows would be rattled by impressive explosions. Some merry-makers, on the hill above the town, were letting off charges of dynamite. They continued to do this, at fairly frequent intervals, until the middle of the next day.

During our stay in Bolivia, we saw two other fiestas; the carnival at La Paz and the *Diablada* at Oruro—that weird and beautiful dance in which the angels fight the devils and the seven deadly sins. These, of course, are far more spectacular and magnificent—the Oruro devil-masks and costumes are real museum-pieces—but something is lacking. Self-consciousness has entered the show.

Already, the audience is becoming separated from the actors. At Copacabana, where there were comparatively few tourists, we never felt this. The Indians, normally so shy and suspicious, seemed to take our presence for granted and even to welcome it. We got pushed around, prodded, and occasionally hugged by drunkards, just like everybody else.

Beyond Titicaca, the red earth of the plateau looks sodden and heavy; it is watered by many swampy streams. The Indian huts are roofed with a shaggy, smoke-blackened straw thatch. On the gables, there is often an ornate tin cross which has to be blessed by the priest (for a fee) every year or two, or it will lose its efficacy. There are large farms here, on which the Indian works three or four days a week for his landlord, in exchange for a small holding. There are also a number of independent communities which cultivate their land co-operatively, producing just enough for their own needs. Every attempt to alter this dismal *status quo* has so far failed. The Indian communities show no interest in surplus production. The better type of landlord would be glad to abolish feudal tenure and even give land outright to his tenants, but he cannot afford to do so because he would be taxed just the same; the Government would never trust the Indians to pay. As for the worse type of landlord—he shrugs his shoulders and spends most of his time in La Paz or abroad.

Sixty miles from the lake the plain suddenly ends. You look over its edge into a deep horse-shoe valley and there is La Paz, fourteen hundred feet below. It is a smallish city, cheerful and fairly clean, with two or three semi-skyscrapers, one beautiful church, one handsome boulevard and one shabby, expensive 'luxury' hotel. A large proportion of the buildings have corrugated iron roofs. There is a standing Government order that these must be kept painted; they are not. Many of the side-streets are so steep that you can scarcely hold your footing on the worn pavement; inhabitants have learnt to slither down it in long strides, like skaters. What with the altitude, the gradients, the scarcity of elevators and the shortage of taxis, you spend most of the day painfully out of breath. You envy the Indians, whose enormous lungs enable them to trot uphill without the least sign of strain.

La Paz cannot be compared with Lima for elegance, with Bogotá for comfort, or with Quito for architectural interest. Nevertheless, this rather undistinguished little place gains drama

and dignity from its tremendous natural setting. Mount Illimani, a dazzling 21,000-foot snow-peak, fills the sky to the south. An hour's drive will take you to Chacaltaya, the highest ski-run in the world. By contrast, the valley bottom below the city seems almost tropical. It is sheltered by eroded fangs and organ-pipes of rock, brilliantly tinted with iron oxide, blue, green and crimson. Only in rainy weather does La Paz assume the wretched drabness of the Andean plateau. Then you want to hang yourself, and long for the fleshpots and the flat opulent vulgarity of Buenos Aires.

Social distinctions follow the contours of the landscape, but in reverse order. At the top of the town, on the steepest part of the slope, is the suburb of Villa Victoria—terrace upon terrace of crude adobe houses, inhabited almost entirely by Indians. The *cholos*, or half-breeds, tend to live lower down, according to their economic status. Descending further, you come to the business section, the government offices, the restaurants and the university. And, below the city proper, the wealthy residential district begins, with its villas and walled gardens, extending down to Obrajes in the bed of the valley.

Some immense fortunes have been made in this country; and, even today, with greatly increased taxation, there must be many rich men. What is there, in La Paz, to show for it? Leaving aside all ethical considerations, all criticism of means, one must at least demand this of great wealth: that it shall create a style, a sophisticated luxury, a larger way of living—even if only for the few. Granted that the Indians have been robbed and exploited, granted that graft has been taken and government funds stolen—where are the fruits and flowers of crime? In Paris, perhaps, or in New York. Certainly not here. La Paz has no Versailles or San Simeon. It hasn't even a casino or a decent night-club.

The Government Palace on the Plaza Murillo is still pitted with bullet-holes—scars of the 1946 revolution against the despotic regime of President Villaroel. Most people now excuse Villaroel and blame his sadistic Chief de Police—a sensitive, cultured person, 'whom you'd expect,' as one of our informants put it, 'to go home every night and listen to Mozart'. Perhaps this is what he actually did; but he spent the day supervising executions, tortures and illegal arrests. As so often in South America, it was the University students who led the revolt against this tyranny. After several days of bloody street-fighting, the Army joined them, and

Villaroel was lost. The crowd burst into the Palace, shot the President and his aide-de-camp, flung their bodies out of a window and hanged them on a lamp-post. The Chief of Police was caught some weeks later. Dragged from prison to the fatal Plaza, he was told to make a speech in defence of his life. He asked first for a bottle of Coca-Cola, which was given him. But his speech failed to convince, and he, too, was hanged.

Meanwhile, the other members of Villaroel's cabinet had taken refuge in foreign embassies. (Owing to the uncertainties of political life in the Latin Hemisphere all South American ambassadors recognize the right of sanctuary.) Parties of students used to picket these buildings; and one minister was even bold enough to make mocking faces at them from an upper window. Finally, when feeling had calmed down a little, the ministers were smuggled out of La Paz and taken abroad, where they are still in exile.

After the death of Villaroel, the homes of his friends and associates were looted—sometimes for the mere sake of smashing, sometimes very systematically: there was, for example, one man who carefully unscrewed and collected doors. When order was restored, and the new government called upon the population to give up the arms and ammunition which had been taken from police barracks at the time of the fighting, there was hardly any response. To this day, La Paz must have many a private arsenal. Here is a story I can vouch for. A gentleman, who had openly sympathized with Villaroel's regime, thought it prudent, when the revolution broke out, to leave the capital for several weeks. When he returned, he was horrified to find his study in ruins, the furniture shot to pieces, bullet-holes all over the ceiling. Undoubtedly, he thought, the revolutionaries must be out for his blood. Perhaps he had better take the next plane to Peru. . . . And then the manservant, seeing his master's distress, apologetically confessed. There was no cause for alarm. It was just an accident. A piece of thoughtlessness. He'd gone out and left his small children alone in the house. They had found his tommy-gun—and it was loaded. 'And so you see, Señor—You know what children are—'

Nearly everyone agrees that the Government, which is now in office, is honest and public-spirited. But its position is not very secure. Last January there was some kind of an attempt at a *putsch* by elements connected with Villaroel's former

party. Newspaper reports of this were vague and possibly exaggerated: but the authorities took it seriously enough to set up a special passport control on the Titicaca road, and to guard the tin-mines against the infiltration of agitators. As long as the state of the national economy remains so precarious, as long as racial and social injustice exists, as long as the memory of bloodshed is so fresh, the situation will always be explosive. A moderate government can only pray for time, and set to work as fast as possible.

Potentially, Bolivia is a very rich country. Its vast lowland area beyond the mountains can produce almost anything: sugar, coffee, tea, rubber, quinine, rice, timber, cattle and oil. And yet, because the roads are so bad and transportation so expensive, La Paz eats Argentine meat, builds with imported timber and runs its cars on foreign gasoline. Ninety per cent of foreign exchange is earned by the export of minerals, chiefly tin ore. This means that the Indian mineworkers—less than two per cent of the population—are keeping Bolivia alive.

What will happen when the price of tin falls? A major crisis—unless, in the meanwhile, steps have been taken to develop other resources. Roads will have to be built. The agriculture of the plateau will have to be radically reorganized. Immigration to the underpopulated lowlands will have to be encouraged; and this immigration must come largely from abroad, since the highland Indian cannot adapt physically to life near sea-level. These projects sound more ambitious than the labours of Hercules. And, indeed, they involve not only an enormous expenditure on public works but a psychological campaign to overcome the resentments and prejudices of four hundred years. At the base of everything is the Indian problem. Bolivia belongs to the Indians by right of numbers: with the *cholos*, they form eighty-five per cent of the population. But how can they be expected to feel this and to take a more active part in the national life, until they govern it? And how can they govern until the great majority of them have become educated? Obviously, the hopes for a gradual, peaceful change are very slight. Nevertheless, they exist and must be struggled for. The alternative is too bad to be considered.

Meanwhile, some neighbours are deeply interested. Nearly all of Bolivia's tin ore is exported to the British smelters. The United States need her other metals, her rubber and her oil. Fearing

Communism, Washington wants political stability and is prepared to pay for it—though perhaps not highly enough—with medical and technical advisers, blueprints for hospitals and schools, educational movies and U.S. scholarships for doctors, nurses and engineers. To the South, Argentina watches her opportunity. A war, or even a great international crisis, with the States and Great Britain elsewhere involved, would leave Perón free to consolidate his Latin American bloc. But, in that event, Brazil also would have something to say. . . . It looks as if poor Bolivia's fate may well be settled from outside her borders.

## SELECTED NOTICE

### PRIMITIVE AND ABSTRACT

*Masks of West Africa*, Leon Underwood. Alec Tiranti Ltd. 6s. net.

*Figures in Wood of West Africa*, Leon Underwood. Alec Tiranti Ltd. 6s. net.  
English and French texts.

'Une œuvre d'art, c'est une possibilité de réincarnation.'—*André Malraux*

Sir J. G. Frazer, in the concluding chapter of *The Golden Bough*, says: 'In the last analysis magic, religion and science are nothing but theories of thought; and as science has supplanted its predecessors so it may hereafter be itself superseded by some more perfect hypothesis, perhaps by some totally different way of looking at the phenomena—of registering the shadows on the screen—of which we in this generation can form no idea. The advance of knowledge is an infinite progression towards a goal that for ever recedes.' This wise statement gives us a good common denominator for the contemplation of the thoughts which the two books of Leon Underwood on the art of West Africa evoke in us. They are not only valuable handbooks but they are also the confessions and controversial pamphlets of an artist. This has to be stressed because they do not claim to contain new points of view either psychological or ethnological or historical. Even the aesthetic attitude which we meet in them is generally known.

What the author is concerned with is to show through what factors the art of the Negro has been able to arrive at such remarkable manifestations of the human spirit and what factors have prevented the abstract primitivist art of today from doing so. He does it with conviction and achieves some happy formulations. Naturally such a point of view misleads him into seeing enemies everywhere and so to continuing the fight into the present against those Europeans who could not see any beauty in Negro art. Whereas on the contrary we may say today that these beauties have been already so exploited that it is in fact possible to speak of a Negro academism.

The author encounters an important problem when he asks himself on what foundation the abstract character of the art of West Africa rests. As in primitive

art different elements of style appear, naturalism in prehistoric art, schematism in the art of the bushman, and abstraction in the art of the Negro. He searches for the inner relationship of these varied elements and comes to the conclusion that 'they evolved in the changing habitat of the deity—the spiritual essence which prompts all artistic expression' and presents them as a transition in three degrees. First in the realistic primitive art of prehistoric times: The deity, the force demanding artistic expression, resided in the object represented. Second, the abstract primitive art of West Africa: The invisible deity inhabiting a world of spirits, was separate from its artistic representation in the sensible world, yet associated with it.' This gives the imagination and the formative will free play. 'Third, the art of the present-day transition to a psychological degree of the Christian era: The world of spirits becomes depopulated and the deity resides in the individual conscience.' The emphasis is laid, as we see, on the spiritual—religious—significance of different forms. From this starting point Leon Underwood develops his credo: 'It seems clear that faith must be held with an esteem as moving as love and fear for it to produce a religious art on which the creative energy controlled by emotional gears, *has a common appeal*.' This common appeal is absent from art in the present time, especially from abstract art. The author attacks it for this reason: 'Abstractions of the modern European artist, influenced by the primitive abstraction appear as a succession of sterile experiments, deriving from the primitive example, not by a sympathetic growth but by an act of splitting the form from its content.' When the Negro carver distorts a natural form he is far from modern European abstraction because these distortions 'are confined to fundamental associations familiar to everyone'. For the Negro there is no decorative art. 'To decorate for him means to give something which is part of ordinary life a visual association in the spirit world.'

If we consider that the chief weakness of our time lies in the lack of a common spiritual and religious basis, might not the artist, who discovered the beauty of primitive art for Europe and has himself endeavoured during the last decades to create in a primitive, that is in a primary way, be judged to have played a part of the utmost importance in the evolution of the new spiritual basis in a mystical sense, in opposition to the scientific spirit under whose pressure life in the Europe of today withers? Here Frazer's thought, which has also been expressed by other leading men of our time, comes into its own. The true artist works with conceptions which necessarily aim at a 'totally different way of looking at the phenomena'. It was the desire for such a spiritual experience which made us aware of the magical force of primitive art. In his thoughts on the work of art—they are probably the first stage of his ideas on the psychology of art—André Malraux wrote in 1935: 'Toute œuvre d'art se crée pour satisfaire un besoin, mais un besoin assez passionné pour lui donner naissance. Puis le besoin se retire de l'œuvre comme le sang d'un corps, et l'œuvre commence sa mystérieuse transfiguration. Elle entre au domaine des ombres. Seul, notre besoin à nous, notre passion à nous l'en feront sortir. Jusque-là elle restera comme une grande statue aux yeux blancs devant qui défile un long cortège d'aveugles. Et la même nécessité qui dirigera vers la statue l'un des aveugles leur fait à tous deux ouvrir les yeux en même temps. . . . Art, pensées, poèmes, tous les vieux rêves humains, si nous avons besoin d'eux pour vivre, ils ont besoin de nous



pour revivre. Besoin de notre passion, besoin de nos désirs,—besoin de notre volonté.'

When we come to consider the modern will of abstraction from the point of view of style, we cannot help seeing that there are today two different types of abstract artists. In one—and Leon Underwood is strongly opposed to this type—there is a conscious setting up of formal laws, whose function in our time is rational; the other has a transcendent quality. Klee, for instance. These opposites Lucien Lévy-Bruhl, in his book *Primitives and the Supernatural*, explains philosophically as follows: 'Through the traditions of our language, grammar, philosophy, psychology, logic, we are accustomed to consider abstraction as relating to ideas only. . . . But to a mind differently oriented, and not governed by an Aristotelian or conceptual ideal, a mind whose images are often essentially emotional in character, does not abstraction dwell in other realms than ideas? It is not then a matter of cognition but rather of feeling.' The problem opens up new perspectives if we apply the analysis of deep psychology. The liberation of human imagination from nature, which at first appeared to be a great revolutionary achievement, led to a dehumanizing of art. The art-historian Wilhelm Worringer has defined the problem as being one of abstraction and empathy. Where the creative will today produces anorganic, abstract forms, we cannot be dealing with a creative will that arises out of the need to experience by empathy; it is, on the contrary, a need which is directly opposed to empathy, namely a tendency to suppress life. We can go so far as to say that abstraction is nothing less than an escape from life, just as Freud spoke of an escape into neurosis. 'These abstract, logical forms are the highest ones, the only ones in which man can find relief from the overwhelming chaos of the world as he experiences it' (Worringer). C. G. Jung elaborated the concept of abstraction and empathy as follows: 'Abstraction appears as a function which is in opposition to primitive "participation mystique" (Lévy-Bruhl). It is a separation from the object in order to break the attachment to it. Empathy, as a principle of artistic creation, is based on the magic significance of the subject, which takes possession of the object by a process of mystic identification.'

One feels the participation mystique of the Negro artist when one studies the excellent picture material provided with detailed descriptive notes to each plate by Leon Underwood. It is then also that we understand the belief of the author which he shares with Sir Michael Sadler, that we Europeans can appreciate the strange beauty of the masterpieces of West African sculpture only if we put ourselves as nearly as possible in the place of those for whom 'the artist carved them—this in the figurative sense, of refreshing our inner life through them and bringing it to a new creative flowering—in contrast to the more abstract and formalistic point of view of J. J. Sweeney, who says in his introduction to the catalogue of *African Negro Art, 1935*, The Museum of Modern Art, New York: 'It is not the tribal characteristics of Negro art, nor its strangeness that are interesting. It is its plastic qualities.' The spiritual component of the problem is here overlooked. Europe in its search after a new soul will not become primitive but it will go the way of the myth, a myth growing out of the ruins of mechanistic science, as the result of the perception of the 'uncertainty principle'.

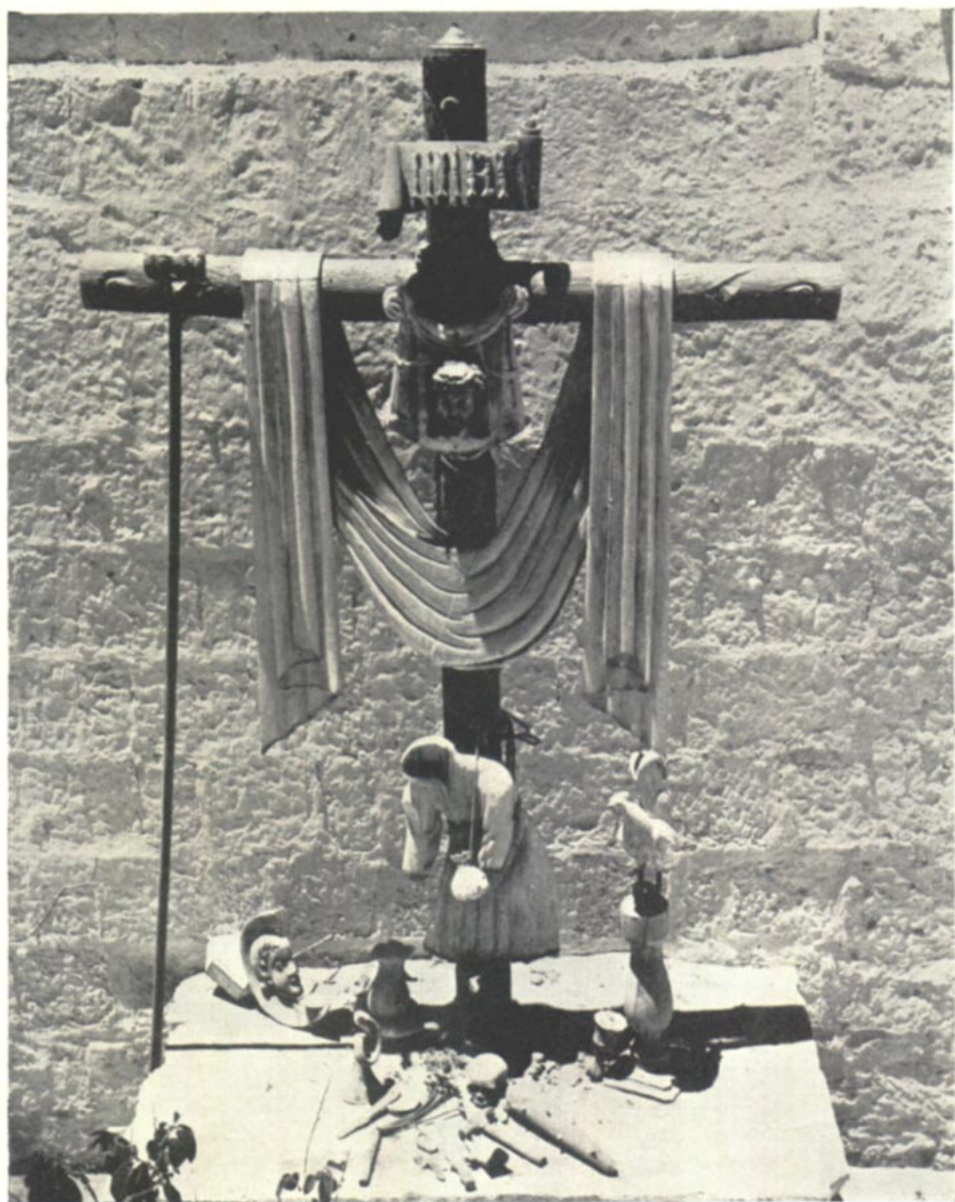
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